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THE TOURIST'S RUSSIA

THE TOURIST'S RUSSIA

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

THE TOURIST'S RUSSIA

BY

RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
1912

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To PHILIP

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THE TOURIST'S RUSSIA

INTRODUCTION

RUSSIA'S position so far to the east of the main highways of European travel explains only in part the tourist's hitherto almost total disregard of her attractions. It has long been considered a nation apart, more to be shunned than visited. The temper of Russia, which is Oriental rather than European, has, until recent years, sustained her in an enigmatic, self-sufficient attitude toward the West. To the Russian, Russia was the world. The vague empires beyond her borders had little significance for her.

When Peter the First succeeded Alexis, and elaborated into a westernising campaign his father's tentative efforts to introduce foreign crafts, the Muscovites fought him with sullen obstinacy. They regarded his ambition as treason. The Russians under the Romanovs were scarcely more modernised than the subjects of Rurik and Igor. Their resistance to the dogmatic Peter counted little, at least in externals. Reforms were rigorously put in force to satisfy his passion for things European. St. Petersburg struggled into being on its marshy foundation, despite

destroying floods and nearly insuperable impediments. The spirit of Peter was also in Catherine the Second's reign. She imported not only workmen from abroad, but intellects as well. Gradually, as one sovereign succeeded another, the Russians reluctantly acknowledged that some good thing might come out of the rest of Europe. Foreigners were admitted as instructors in manufacture, trade and tactics, and the educated began to acquire the languages of their tutors, with proverbial facility.

Nevertheless, it was an Eastern nation which most influenced Russia's metamorphosis. Japan, epitomising Western aggression in yellow garb, sounded the alarum which aroused the giant from stupor and apathy. Before Port Arthur, Russia was of the East; to-day her ideals are Western. Seven years after the close of the Japanese war, she mothers an industrial advance which enthusiasts like to compare to that of America. In the evolution of her cities Russia is also likened to the United States and Canada.

The wooden Moscow of dim arcades and easy-going commerce is complemented by a dazzling city of brilliant boulevards and monster enterprises. In Kiev, new steel structures rub elbows with memorials of antiquity which substantiate

her position as the Birthplace of the Church. Riga and Odessa, the great grain ports of the north and south, are more continental in temper and structure, for in Riga it is the Teutonic Russian, and in Odessa the Italian, Greek and Jewish element which prevails. St. Petersburg, made in the image of Europe, is an extraordinarily prosperous centre. It has Galleries, Institutes, and Museums equal to those of other capitals, and a long list of tourist attractions.

Those who are ambitious for Russia industrially, exult in her prodigious awakening. For the tourist, her advance assures even more widespread transportation facilities, and better provincial hotels. The railways and steamers of Russia are not only luxurious, but the least expensive in Europe, or out of it. The service and cuisine of the hotels in her chief cities cannot be excelled.

However, as the tourist seeks in each country its individual lure, and sighs to find ideals retreating before brisk modernity, so will he rejoice that the true Russia still exists unspoiled. And he will not grumble because the way to reach it has been smoothed by civilisation. Paradoxically, the true Russia exists in the midst of the most pronounced European encroachments, as well as in far-away provinces. For, despite outer con-

cessions, every Slav remains Slavic to an intensely characteristic degree. He may build electric tramways to monastery gates, and install elevators in his new office buildings; he may even discard the stove of his forefathers for steam radiators, and substitute a tiled bath for the vaporous joys of the Saturday "bania," but he discountenances and forbids the variation of all that is sacredly Russian. A new cathedral is designed on the same lines as one which dates from the Byzantine invasion; the features of the saints remain unalterably as they were limned by the monks of Mount Athos; the pilgrims travel the roads to their accustomed shrines, replicas in spirit and appearance of those who trod the highways of Early Muscovy. The peasant employs implements with which his ancestors ploughed and planted, with the recent exception of Baltic, Siberian and Bessarabian farmers, and others in scattered districts. His garments and his wife's are cut from patterns originated in ages past. He eats the same sort of fare with the same sort of spoon known to long ago serfs of Boris Gudonov's time. Kustari workers and factory hands still support their co-operative bands with the subtle tenacity of the race. Their women embroider and spin primordial designs. The dis-

dainful peacock of their folk-lore frequently appears in bright silks on hand-woven linens, and on carved shelves and platters. As they stitch and chip, they laud his proud grace in songs handed from generation to generation. A large share of rural trading is done, as always, at periodical fairs, dear to the muzhik's heart. He deserts his sterile meadows for the ecstasy of bargaining, the love of which again reflects the Oriental in him. He is hugely entertained by the tricksters, who easily mystify. At night, in his jouncing telega, he returns, his produce exchanged for rolls of linen, and perhaps a highly varnished canister, or a portion of tea and sugar. If his companions reply thickly, or sprawl, unhearing, on the straw while he reminisces like a child upon his day's outing, he is indulgent. . . . It is not every man who can resist the enticements of the traktir on fair day.

The Russian, rarely hilarious, is usually good-tempered. He is without conceit, will often stoop to serve, and is invariably courteous to strangers. The writer recalls the kindness of two merchants who surrendered their window seats and rode backwards during a seven-hour journey, with the unselfish desire to increase the pleasure of others. At the station buffet, they rose from their dinner

to ascertain the needs of their co-travellers and translate them into Russian to the waiter. At another time a passing inquiry of a medal-bedecked general resulted in his making several trips, half the length of the train, to give added information. Once we were extricated from a puzzling situation by a lady who refused to board her boat for Kazan until she had seen her chance companions comfortably installed at Nizhni. An Englishman relates a corroborative incident. He had misunderstood directions and was in peril of missing a train. He looked about confused, saw a citizen approaching and assailed him breathlessly, gasping out his predicament in French. Before he could say thank-you, his Good Samaritan had bundled him into a cab and given the droskyman directions. That he also remembered to toss the driver a ruble to relieve the encumbered traveller of the need to search his pockets, is only confirmatory of the national politeness to foreigners. But the most outstanding act of courtesy experienced in years of travelling must be credited to a native of the Russian city of Andisan, on the edge of Mongolia. Surrounded by travelling lares and penates, he faced us as we found our reservations in a train crawling down to Samara. With the curiosity of

the East he questioned in fair German as to our destination, nationality, age and married state. Tolerance matured into interest, and we questioned in turn. He answered readily that he was a cotton grower (months later we heard that his possessions were among the largest in Russian Turkestan), that he had been to the sea for the baths, and that he was affianced to a young physician with amazing eyes, who was at that moment journeying from Andisan to meet and wed him in Samara. The honeymoon was to be spent in the Caucasus. He commented frankly on parenthood and expressed his disapproval of the European woman's corseted figure in comparison with the broad-waisted freedom of most of her Russian sisters. He ate with childish haste, he was impulsive, and interrupted without apology. We set him down as a rare specimen of elemental civilisation. When we prepared to sleep, his alert black eyes remarked that we were illy equipped for the night. A request for pillows and blankets had brought the porter's disquieting information that the supply was already bespoken. The night was cool, but we had made up our minds to endure the discomfort, when we spied our primitive man aloft in the upper berth untying parcels and diving into bundles. With

an interjection, which was neither German nor Russian, he drew out what he had been seeking — a snowy, embroidered pillow-slip. He disrobed a monster pillow, and cased it afresh, fastening the buttons deftly with his fine dark fingers. Then he unrolled a thick brown rug, and climbed down to the aisle. "For you, Madame," he said simply, indicating the luxurious bedding. Protests were useless; resistance seemed a revelation. "Surely," his expression said, "it is not extraordinary for a man to give up his pillow and blanket to a pillow-less lady!" We perceived that further remonstrance would only indicate to him that our Anglo-Saxon civilisation had accustomed us to less kindness, less consideration than might be expected in Russian Turkestan.

As I dozed to the rumble and jerk of the wheels, I saw my benefactor settling himself for the night, with his head on an improvised cushion and his long limbs scantily covered by an overcoat. Whereat I readjusted some former opinions and prejudices.

These kindly incidents of travel are not exceptions proving a rule of brusqueness and indifference. Tourists in Russia will not experience the shower of pebbles which has been known to descend on their kind in the Netherlands; they

will not hear the insinuating hiss of the Belgian boulevards; they will never know the insolence of a Paris cabman, or the pompous jostling of a German officer, In England, the sight-seer is tolerated; in the United States, is sometimes laughed at; in Italy, he may robbed. But Russia is the antithesis of all that is rude or negligent, for the stranger's visit is counted an honour. Russia, the Hospitable, we may say, as we call Spain, the Sunny, and Egypt, the Mysterious. Once certain formalities are arranged and a few archaic rules complied with, the tourist will be received in Russia as a guest, to be served alike by prince and peasant. One need only attend to what concerns him and avoid unwise entanglements with the "enemies of the Government" to enjoy unhampered the varied pleasures of the Empire. English-speaking travellers are yearly confirming this in increasing numbers.

Finland awaits the tourist in an Arcadia of forest green, crystal lakes, and "white nights." The markets, the angular steeples, and pierced battlements of the cities of the Baltic recall the Hanseatic period, and glorious struggles in their defence. The City of Peter typifies Modern Muscovy, sumptuous and sprightly, affording days of sight-seeing pleasure. Moscow shelters

the Kremlin, and storehouses of jewels, enamels, carvings and argenterie. The old capital presents rare vistas of towers and thronged streets, of devotional demonstrations and commercial mannerisms absolutely different from those of the rest of Europe. The traveller who tastes Moscow first will require an aperitif to enjoy other Continental cities; he who already knows the metropoli of Europe will forget their tame mediocrity in remembering the Heart of Russia. Rybinsk, Yaroslav, and other Upper Volga cities are pure types of Great Russian municipalities, hedged about by historic legend, crowned by monasteries of unbelievable beauty, and bordered by the tranquil Volga. Journeying from the Fair Town, Nizhni Novgorod, to Astrakhan, one enters still another world. Mosques and Tatars, crafts of the East, and more strange customs make up the picture. The Caucasus and the Crimea rival each other in majesty of mountain, gorge and sea. Odessa is worth visiting to remark its activities as the chief Black Sea port, and its attractions as a handsome, cultured city. Kiev is Kiev, special and bewildering. The age and romance of Russia are the woof of the fabric in the Mecca of the Empire. Warsaw has the vivacity and good looks of a Polish grande dame. It

is an imperial city, expressive and magnetic.

The American or British stay-at-home or traveller whose imagination has veiled Russia in a mystery of snowy wastes, of exiles on the long trek, of troïkas wolf-pursued, and Nihilistic adventures, will undergo an evolution of ideas if he will board a steamer at New York, or Hull, or London, and sail to the welcoming harbours of Libau, Helsingfors, or St. Petersburg, to verify for himself the peculiar and ruddy charms of the Tourist's Russia.

R. K. W.

Nice, Alpes-Maritimes.
March third, 1912.

CHAPTER I

Passports — Customs — Transportation — Railways — Cabs — Trams

* * *

Passports.

No single obstacle has had more influence in deterring tourist traffic to Russia than the passport bogie. This much misunderstood document is required merely as an evidence of identity, and will be found quite as convenient in calling for mail or gaining entrance to certain institutions, as it is considered necessary by the Government of Russia. The Russians, who are more formal in such matters than the rest of Europe, demand the presentation of the passport at the frontier and upon taking lodgings, but this requirement in no way obstructs the admittance of properly accredited travellers.

Americans apply to the State Department for an application blank. When this form is filled out and the signature attested by a notary, the request for a passport is returned to Washington with one dollar. Upon receipt of the document,

duly sealed and signed, it must be viséd by a Russian Consul, whose fee will be one dollar and fifty cents. There are Russian Consulates in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. If the passport is obtained through a tourist agency or by an American embassy abroad, the cost may be doubled or quadrupled. The United States passport is valid for two years and may be made out to include all the members of an immediate family.

In England the fees of the Government and Russian Consul are approximately three shillings and six shillings each. Passports may be used for five years. One passport is sufficient for an immediate family with their servants, as well as tutors and governesses, if all are British subjects.

If the tourist takes steamer to Russia, his passport must be handed to the purser with the tickets. It will be returned when it has been examined at the entry port, and baggage has been passed by the customs officials. If the railway is the means of transport, a gendarme will take up the document at the frontier customs station, returning it after the baggage has been opened, or in the train before departure.

In any case, the traveller must be patient. It is well to assume a tranquil attitude of mind

upon entering Russia; otherwise one's pleasure may be alloyed by trifling delays. The Slav's official movements are cumbered with formalities which seem unnecessary to the quicker-thinking and acting Westerner. However, on quay or platform, there is always something of novel interest to note in the dress or manners of one's new friends. A tour in Russia may present opportunities for learning lessons of repose which are only too rare in these impatient, hurried times.

At the hotel patronised by the traveller in each town, the manager will take the passport to be registered at police headquarters, after which it will probably lie in the hotel safe until asked for in case of need, or on departure. Twenty-four hours' notice should be given before leaving.

The fee for stamping an arriving passport is twenty to forty kopeks,* but the hotel is entitled to a reasonable gratuity for attending to the matter. As a rule, if the guest shows himself familiar with the legal fee, not more than a ruble will be charged. Upon taking final departure from the country, the hotel must be instructed to have the passport so countersigned as to constitute permission to cross the frontier. There is a further

* Twenty cents American, or ten pence English. See money tables.

IMPERIAL MAIL STEAMER "KURSK." TYPE OF SHIPS ON NEW YORK-LIBAU ROUTE

small fee for this, usually about seventy-five kopeks. The precautions seem superfluous to the casual tourist, but the rules apply as well to the citizen or the foreigner of long residence, and act as a proper restraint upon criminals and escaping debtors. By the time the tourist says good-bye to Russia, his horror of the "passport system" will have turned to tolerance for a trivial formality.

Customs.

As the proceedings vary somewhat at different customs stations, one can safely follow the lead of other passengers. It is the custom to descend with hand baggage and requisition a porter to assist with registered luggage, for a fee of ten kopeks. Whatever clothes, personal belongings, or books are required for the trip are not dutiable. A hundred cigars are entered free, and also a camera, if it has been used. Foreign playing cards are confiscated, as their manufacture in Russia is a Government monopoly, the proceeds of which are devoted to certain charities.

Transportation.

A steamer sails fortnightly from New York direct for the Baltic port of Libau. This service

of the Russian-American Line, whose main office is at 27 Broadway, New York, is in itself an incentive to go to Russia. The standard of its first-class passenger accommodation is unusually high. The cuisine introduces succulent dishes which sharpen the appetite for a still more intimate acquaintance with Muscovite menus. The Russian is at his best when he is host; the attentiveness of the officers and crew on these steamers gives the passenger a foretaste of Russian hospitality and good service, and insures a crossing, the end of which is deplored. The navigators are usually stalwart natives of the Baltic provinces, well schooled in the handling of a ship.

Eight or nine days out of New York, the steamer ties up at the Rotterdam quay to coal, and discharge or load cargo. This allows the passenger thirty to thirty-six hours for sight-seeing in Holland or Belgium. Or he may wait over at his pleasure for another boat of the same line, employing the interim visiting British or Continental cities. At Rotterdam, the English traveller to Russia may also join the steamer, which will land him three days later at Libau after a mild passage around the north of Denmark and past the indented coast of Sweden. On the right, as the vessel approaches Copenhagen, is

Elsinore Castle, which legend associates with Hamlet. Helsingborg, Sweden, is in plain view across the channel. While the steamer lies several hours off Copenhagen, it is possible to obtain a cursory impression of the attractive Danish capital, though passengers are not landed or taken aboard there.

The boats of the Finland Steamship Company leave Hull, England, every Wednesday and Saturday, and offer a pleasant three or four-day voyage to those who prefer to go first to Åbo or Helsingfors, Finland, and later to Petersburg. The Finns are a clever, enterprising people, and this service of the Finland Steamship Company is exceptionally well-ordered, and even luxurious. The agents at Hull are John Good and Sons. The Company has an office in New York at 15 State Street.

The United Shipping Company also run excellent steamers, leaving London Friday evenings for Petersburg direct, via the Kiel Canal. Their London office is at 108 Fenchurch Street.

Those who take the overland rail journey from Rotterdam or other ports will enter Russia at Alexandrowa or Wirballen, proceeding from the latter frontier station to St. Petersburg and other northern towns, and from the former to

Warsaw, Moscow, or the south. There are through International Expresses to St. Petersburg from Flushing, Calais, Ostend, Rotterdam, Copenhagen, Paris and Dresden by way of Berlin, and from Vienna by way of Warsaw. Warsaw is ten hours by Nord Express from Berlin, and about twenty-five hours from Moscow. By fast express, St. Petersburg is fifty-two hours from London via Ostend, forty-six hours from Paris, and twenty-eight from Berlin. By Rotterdam and other routes the trip takes a few hours longer.

Russian Railways.

Throughout Russia the system prevails of reducing the fare proportionately as the mileage increases. This advantageous system results in very inexpensive travel. First-class carriages are divided into compartments often having places for only two passengers, while second-class accommodation sometimes resembles, in a measure, American railway carriages, though frequently one finds cars arranged in compartments with a side corridor. Third-class in Russia is out of the question for tourists. First-class carriages are painted blue; second-class, tan.

As trains usually arrive at principal stations

twenty to thirty minutes before departure, the Russians, who are inordinate travellers, take the precaution to arrive early to make sure of a good seat. It is the custom to send ahead one of the station porters with the luggage to reserve places, and to have him remain in the car while his patron takes a leisurely glass of tea at the station buffet. The employment of the porter is commended to tourists; otherwise, the inexperienced may be caught in a whirlpool of humanity struggling at one and the same moment to ascend the same steps to the car, and crowd through the same narrow aisle. The porter who has done his employer's fighting for him, and guarded his possessions for perhaps a half hour, will accept twenty to thirty kopeks with smiling gratitude.

Of the Russian porter paragraphs might be written in eulogy. He is omni-present, he never over-urges his suit, he is always respectful and never officious, except in the assertion of the rights of his temporary master, and he rarely grumbles if the compensation is inadequate, serving for a pittance with patience and energy.

On some of the trains, seats may be reserved at the station for a small supplement in price. The tickets are called platz karte. There are sleep-

ing cars on the trains de luxe. A compartment for two persons in a first-class carriage may be reserved from nine P. M. to nine A. M. by paying a supplement of six rubles,* the regular rate per reservation over-night costing from one ruble fifty per person. Bedding may be hired from the conductor. It is much more convenient and inexpensive to carry a rug, a pillow, and towels. This is so much the custom that bedding is never furnished free on trains or river boats, and even the beds of provincial hotels may lack sufficient covering.

Thirty-six pounds (one pood) of baggage is carried free in the baggage car. Baggage should be registered at least fifteen minutes before train time. Only a small fee is charged, unless baggage is over-weight.

The broad racks above the car seats groan with the weight of multitudinous bags and bundles, thanks to the European niggardliness in free baggage allowance. The foreigner is frequently entertained by vociferous contentions as to the just apportionment of space, and is no less instructed in certain childish Russian traits. However, there is rarely any show of ill temper, and,

*One ruble = fifty cents = two shillings. One hundred kopeks = one ruble.

when all is adjusted, the atmosphere clears with no trace of bad feeling.

On long journeys, tickets are usually taken up and a check given in return. Otherwise, the master conductor, preceded by a brakeman or guard, and attended by an assistant, may be expected at frequent intervals. Local trains make about forty versts, or twenty-six miles, an hour; express trains sixty versts, or forty miles. A guard passes through the train to announce the duration of the stop at each large station. These delays are tedious until one learns to enjoy the relaxation of descending to the platform or adjacent streets, to take a stroll, have a bite to eat, or send a post card. A porter should be left to watch baggage.

The buffets in the dépôts are of almost uniform excellence, and are patronised at every opportunity by the Russians, who have apparently insatiable appetites when travelling. In the large stations there is always a buffet of hot dishes. If one chooses a cutlet or a portion of chicken, it is served at a well-appointed table with vegetables and bread included. A satisfying repast may thus be ordered at a cost of fifty kopeks up. There are invariably tasty sandwiches of caviar, egg, fish, or meat at five kopeks each.

Before partaking of even the humblest "snack," the men pause at the bar to toss off a rumka of vodka, or rye brandy. Good milk and beer are obtainable, but water should be shunned everywhere in Russia, with few exceptions.

Venders of wild strawberries and raspberries offer their crimson wares on the platform. Beggars, and officers, long-haired priests, and farmers in kaftan and top-boots, a Lithuanian mother with her brood, or some Tatar women in balloon petticoats, saunter back and forth until the gong warns. Even at one bell, no one hurries, for there are still fifteen minutes to wait. When the station master strikes the clapper twice, one has five minutes to entrain, but at three bells even the daring make a rush for the car steps. The engine whistles, and the train pulls slowly out.

Returning to the car, the traveller will often find the little window tables, which are so convenient a feature in both the second and first-class carriages, occupied by tea drinking paraphernalia, hot water having been obtained at the restaurant. Almost every travelling Russian of the middle and lower class carries a tea-kettle, if not a samovar. The opportunity of refreshing themselves with the cherished beverage is anticipated from grand-mother to infant.

PEASANT GIRL IN THE FIELD

If the tourist patronises only the fastest expresses, and scorns second-class, he may be spared experience which will be interpreted as annoyances, or opportunities for observation, according to his temperament and interest in humanity.

The railway time throughout Russia is that of St. Petersburg, except in Finland and Asia, and the station clocks usually give this and not local time. This leads to a certain confusion in catching trains, so that caution is necessary in determining the exact difference between town and railroad clocks. The trains are not often late. Indeed, they make their way in so leisurely a manner that there would be little or no excuse for them if they were.

The roads are usually government owned and operated, and give, in most respects, a thoroughly satisfactory service.

Cabs.

Frequently the railway stations lie far from the centre of the town. But cabs are as numerous as they are cheap, and en route for the hotel one catches a blurred impression of the outlying streets, if that anomaly of anomalies, the swift cab horse, is not too ambitious to sustain the reputation of his breed. "Take care!" warn the

towsled drivers, and their "fares" may well take care too, if the vehicle be one of the diminutive droskies without a back. In the larger cities, the cabs are very comfortable, with the exception that those in Moscow are too narrow, though well-cushioned and rubber-tired. The horses are remarkably good looking and usually spirited. Their harness is decked with ornamental chains, and they pull by means of the wooden arched duga, which is attached to the ends of the shaves.

A one-horse cab may be hired almost anywhere in the Empire for sixty to eighty kopeks an hour, though natives will boast that they pay not more than forty to fifty kopeks. A short drive of fifteen to twenty minutes costs about thirty kopeks, and the incident is recalled when three persons drove in Warsaw from the Hotel Bristol to the Theatre Square for the equivalent of six pence or twelve cents, plus a paltry tip, called in Russian "tea money." There are also more pretentious carriages to hire, concerning which the hotel porter will give information.

Like the railway porter, the Russian isvoschik is worthy of special mention as a national character. He is a pure Slav type, though his more aristocratic confrère, the private coachman, may be a Tatar. His thick coarse hair is cropped low

in the neck, a hat with squat crown is crushed down to his ears, and his broad face peers from under the curled-up brim with a calm serenity which is not without its measure of cunning. He sits his box in the cab-rank, stoical but alert. His long blue armyak is generously gathered at the line where the skirt joins the body, and a gay tinselled belt satisfies his native love of gaudy colours. This ample garment, worn Winter and Summer, is so padded from shoulders to hip as to render corpulent the leanest of cabbies. Perhaps, having driven all the previous night, he nods on his seat, but let a prospective fare approach the curb — he is awake and bidding for patronage as noisily as his fellows. Like flies about a jam pot, they buzz and beg and blandish. "Pazholst!" is their oft-repeated plea. "A ruble," you bid, holding up one finger. "One and a half," is counterbid. The qualifications of a particular steed are enumerated. You are invited to examine the superior upholstery of another's vehicle. If you look with sidewise favour on Ivan's suit, Klim derides his rival's equipage, and disparages his horse. At last you choose Nicolai and enter his drosky, considerably flustered, but exultant, for you have closed the bargain at your own figure. The chosen isvos-

chik wraps his voluminous skirts about him, sits down on the ends of his reins, slaps the worsted lengths across the back of his impatient horse, and drives off as if pursued by an evil spirit. Afterwards it is mystifying with what frequency Nicolai's simple, faithful face greets you at the hotel door. His sixth sense is exercised in discovering your goings-out and comings-in. One day, you reward him with a hot pirozhka from a passing basket, and, after that, no isvoschik drives so fast or warns infringing vehicles so imperiously as your own particular, likeable Nicolai.

Trams.

Thirty Russian cities are served by trams. The routes are usually numbered instead of named. The Moscow electrics are notably good.

CHAPTER II

Hotels — Cuisine — Restaurants and Gardens — Theatres and Concerts — Races — Sports — Dances — General Information

Hotels.

The good-class Russian hotel is roomy, well-furnished, and often less expensive than inferior hotels in other countries. The beds are good; there is usually a couch and a writing table in the guest's room, and lounging chairs. A rather primitive lavatory basin sometimes occupies one corner. The air of the room is invariably home-like.

The rates are moderate considering the accommodation (Rs.2.50 for a fine double room in Libau, Rs.4.00 in Petersburg, Rs.6.00 for a suite in Moscow, Rs.4.50 for real luxury in Warsaw), but extras are sometimes charged which may slightly augment the cost. In the provinces, bed linen may be charged apart, and, in rare cases, candles and service. In each room, there is usually a card showing its rate. Before engaging

accommodation it is best to state what one is willing to pay.

In all the larger cities, there are managers and guides in the hotels who speak French, German, and often English. With a Russian-English Manual of Conversation like Marlborough's,* one will find little or no inconvenience in travelling into the interior or down the Volga, where little but Russian is understood.

The Russian is always frankly anxious to please and assist, and is never indifferent to a tourist's need of help. From the hall-porter in frock-coat to the man-servant in baggy red trousers and boots to his knees, the watch-word is courtesy. Tips are rarely given grudgingly in a Russian hotel, even if one must sometimes accept the spirit for the rather tardy deed. Twenty-five to thirty kopeks is sufficient gratuity to give immediate attendants for two or three days' service. If hitherto unseen faces appear at departure, they will be easily appeased by receiving five or ten kopeks apiece.

Pensions, as they exist in other countries, are rare in Russia. Furnished rooms may be hired

* Published by E. Marlborough and Co., 51 Old Bailey, London. Price, two shillings. On sale at Brentano's, New York.

for about thirty rubles a month, exclusive of linen.

Cuisine.

The lavish natures of the Russians demand a groaning board, and the well-to-do will confess that they eat extravagantly and over-much. The soups are elaborate, the sauces rich in butter, the pâtés savory, the meats choice and highly-seasoned, the desserts very sweet. The result is a cuisine which tempts the normal palate to indiscretion. The ménus are so varied that any taste may be gratified, many European dishes being found upon them.

An afternoon at a Moscow home is remembered for its prodigal hospitality. At the tea hour we sat down at a table laden with fruits and berries from all Russia. There were three sorts of melon from Little Russia, a great bowl of pears, compôtes of Crimean grapes, baskets of cherries, and mounds of raspberries and strawberries heaped on green leaves. A half-dozen varieties of wines from South Russian vineyards were offered with the fruit. As we sat over the rainbow table, a maid arranged the samovar, or tea machine, by the window. We regarded dubiously the preparations for further indulgence in good things, but,

loath to offend, crossed to a second feast. Here, with the famed "yellow tea" were served dainty cakes and bonbons, with jams of pineapple, watermelon, blackberry and peach, and Russian liqueurs and cordials. In vain we protested; our plates and tea glasses were filled repeatedly, and, in truth, each delicacy seemed more inviting than the last. So we nibbled and tasted and sipped, until good judgment took wings before the impelling hospitality of our hosts and the enticements of the spread.

We were ingenuously asked if we cared for caviare, and unsuspectingly replied in the affirmative. Behind us, maids were moving in and out, and when we arose we understood their activity. The table we had devastated bloomed again. There were platters of smoked raw salmon and marinated herring, and a fish from the Volga which had been dried in the sun; and a portion of salted black caviare and another of the fresh grey roe set in a bowl of ice. The breast of a smoked goose dominated one end of the board, a brace of cold roast grouse, the other. The servants in bright dresses, heavy neck beads and head gear resembling a starched coronet, appeared with dishes of ham prepared over the smoke of burning beech leaves, and a salad of the cherished

cucumber. Strange cheeses made their appearance with game pâtés, and last, but not the least appetising, a culinary mystery consisting of minced meat, rice, and egg baked within a crusty loaf. Discretion fled; we partook recklessly as the delicious viands were presented at our elbow. The beverage which foamed in our glasses was rye kwass, made from fermented black bread; there was vodka Monopolnaïa, No. 1 for the men. Glacé fruits, Russian cigarettes and black coffee terminated a banquet called by our friends "afternoon tea."

The zakuska of the Russians is an elaborated hors d'oeuvre taken standing before luncheon or dinner. It consists of an array of fish, viands, salads, caviare, and mushrooms, pickled, raw or cooked. At a restaurant buffet, a whole sturgeon, and a suckling pig boiled in milk may be displayed. Old Roquefort, Swiss, Camembert and Chester cheese beaten to a cream with good port wine is another zakuska dainty, to be eaten with black bread and Finland butter. Liqueurs of bayberry and carraway are served, and, of course, the inevitable vodka, which should disappear with one fling of the wrist to be entirely comme il faut. The best Russian brandy is made of rye, and contains forty per cent. alcohol. It is a pure white

beverage, innocently resembling water. Its production, good and bad, is controlled by the government.

A restaurant dinner, beginning with zakuska (25-50k. extra) proceeds with soup, which may be borsch made with meat and cabbage, or schi of boiled beet-root. There is also ukha, or fish-soup and others made of cucumber, and served with sour cream, which do not at first appeal to all palates. Whatever the potage, one may always expect the crisp pasties which accompany it.

The sterlet is the fish most prized in Russia. It is a refined species of sturgeon, a spotted fawn in colour, with a long sharp nose. It is often served with a red sauce. The dish of sterlet, sturgeon, salmon, sig, or sudak may be varied by a dumpling containing chopped fish and cabbage and accompanied by a fish bouillon. This last is peculiar to Moscow and is called rastigai. Roasts or cutlets are sometimes served with dwarf salted cucumbers which the Russians of all classes eat with almost every meal. Buckwheat dressing, fried in gravy, accompanies roast pork and mutton. A Tatar dish called schachlik is composed of skewered bits of mutton and bacon roasted before a spit. It is not the custom to serve cooked vegetables with meats and game, but rather as a dish

A CAUCASUS BOAR HUNT

apart. The tree partridge, or rebchik, is so abundant in the Siberian forests that, though exceedingly good eating, they sell in the markets for thirty kopeks a pair. They are somewhat like grouse, though slightly bitter, and are very often found on the tables of restaurants and private homes. Salads and dressings are among the master-pieces of the Russian cook, but desserts are apt to be tasteless, in common with most Russian sweets. Ices and fruit jellies are usually found on the ménu.

It is unwise to drink water in most Russian cities, Moscow being an exception. As substitutes, there are mineral waters; good and inexpensive wines made in the Caucasus, the Crimea, and Bessarabia; beer and kwass. The light beer, or peevo, of Riga is obtainable almost everywhere. On the Volga, the most renowned brew is Jhiguli beer, made in Samara, and sold at twenty to thirty kopeks a bottle. But the most refreshing Russian beverage is called kwass. Made from bread, it is dark brown, from apples, amber, and from small fruits or berries, red. It is fermented by yeast only, and is non-intoxicating. There is no more welcome sight on a warm day than a dewy crystal pitcher of frothy red kwass, served at cellar temperature.

To taste pirozhki at their best, one must go to Philipov's in St. Petersburg or Moscow. These bakery establishments are frequented for light luncheons. The pirozhki may be ordered for immediate consumption, or taken away, hot and odorous, in a pasteboard box. They cost about five kopeks each. The favourite dumplings are made with centres of meat, cabbage, rice, or jam. They are fried an appetising brown by being dropped in hot fat or oil.

The house of Eliseev, in both Petersburg and Moscow, rivals, if it does not excel, the great comestible shops of Europe and America. Berrin, Krafft, Conradi and Abrikossov are among the best confectioners in the capital. The latter has also a shop in Moscow, as has Einem. The celebrated dried fruits of Kiev are sold by Balabukha in both Petersburg and Kiev. All the larger cities have good patisserie shops where afternoon tea is served à la Russe.

Restaurants and Gardens.

The great number of large restaurants in the principal cities causes one to wonder if the Russian ever lunches or dines at home. No matter how extensive the establishment, it is crowded at meal hours, as well as for late, very late, suppers.

What seems to the English or American, an excess of waiters is in attendance. Sometimes they wear white suits with bright silk sashes. The proprietors are frequently French, German, or Italian, and the ménus reflect their nationality.

One pays about Rs.1.50 for luncheon, and Rs.2.00 for dinner at the more pretentious restaurants, but a satisfactory, well served luncheon may be had at many places for 75ks., dinner, Rs.1.00. In Petersburg, among high priced establishments outside of the principal hotels, are Donon's, Pivato's, The Bear and Cubat; less expensive but very good, Dominique, Soloviov, and Palkine. In Moscow, the Slaviansky Bazaar (Hotel), and the Ermitage restaurants are noted first-class establishments, while there are several typical Russian traktirs, like the Bolshaïa Moskovskaïa Gostinitsa (Great Moscow Hotel), Tiestov's and Praga's.

At the night restaurants, so large a feature of Russian life, especially in winter, the price of an elaborate dinner is about Rs.3.00. A programme of music and dancing proceeds while the guests sit over the dinner, and, later, over the à la carte supper table. The piéces de resistance of the amusements are reserved for the early hours of morning, for the Russian often refuses to for-

sake his merry-making until dawn. In this respect, as in others, he never does things by halves.

In the environs of the large cities, there are gardens where, from eight P. M. to three or four A. M., one may dine, see outdoor variety, witness an operetta, sup and enjoy a cabaret show. The quaint custom of "paying for conversations" prevails with the Russian man-about-town. His inamorata of the moment sits with him at tea or over the supper table, and entertains with trifling chatter, or, perhaps, a song. In return he gives gold to the siren, or, possibly, the jewel from his cravat, if she has pleased him uncommon much. As compensation for an hour of glitter and banter these birds of passage sometimes receive a palmful of gems to deck their plumage, or a cheque of staggering proportions. She who pleases a Russian pleases a generous child. The interview at an end, he rises from the table and bids his entertainer a polite adieu.

Fortunes find their way to the tills of these night establishments, such as the Ermitage Restaurant, and its namesake, the Gardens, at the other end of Moscow, and "Yar," in the suburbs opposite the race-track entrance. At the latter, the coat checking privileges are said to cost Rs. 18,000 a year, and to yield an equal sum as profit.

The concierge of a hotel like the very magnificent Métropôle, of Moscow, pays thousands of rubles annually for the rights which accrue to his office. In Winter, the three-horse troïkas speed over the snow in Petersburg to the resorts of Samarkand and Jgel's, where, until nearly dawn, the gipsies sing amid a rain of coins and applause.

Theatres and Concerts.

The tourist who goes to Russia in the Summer will find the principal theatres and opera houses closed. Even in winter it is often difficult to get seats for the best performances of opera and ballet, as they are largely sold by subscription. The Theatre Marie, St. Pëtersburg, gives opera, the Theatre Alexandra, Russian drama, and the Theatre Michel, varied bills of Russian and foreign works. The Nicholas II Popular Theatre produces dramas and operas at low rates. The Opera House and two of the most frequented theatres of Moscow are on the Theatre Place. The Artistic Theatre is internationally celebrated for the quality of its performances. It was there that "The Blue-Bird" had its first production on any stage. In Warsaw the opera is housed in a great building on the Theatre Square, which has two wings devoted to drama and variety. There

are also imposing modern opera houses in Odessa and Kiev.

Public concerts are frequently billed in the parks. The tourist will be particularly interested to hear, not only the bands and orchestras composed of familiar instruments, but also orchestras made up solely of concertina players, and others of the native balalaïka, which is a Tatar instrument resembling a zither in tone. Excellent concerts are given at the Conservatories of Music in Petersburg and Moscow. There is also a national society which is organised to advance the love of music, and which gives series of concerts in many Russian cities. In the traktirs, the great organs are a famous attraction. The singing of the male choruses is the most delightful treat in Russia. The St. Petersburg Conservatory was founded by Anton Rubenstein, and the one at Moscow by his brother Nicholas.

Races.

Since the Siberian plains were the home of the aboriginal horse, and half the horse population of the world, or thirty million horses, inhabit Russia, it is fitting that a Russian city should be, of all racing centres, the one most extravagantly devoted to the sport. The grand-stand at the Mos-

cow track cost two million rubles, and is not now large enough to seat the crowds, which, throughout the long season from April to August, daily average fifteen to twenty thousand. The prizes given for the season's events amount to nearly a million rubles. Over four thousand trotting horses are usually in process of training at the Moscow Imperial Trotting Club. Each year, about a thousand running horses are raced at Petersburg, Moscow and Warsaw. Ice racing on the Neva is one of the capital's winter diversions.

In 1775, Count Orlov crossed the English thoroughbred with the Russian to make a breed of racers. He paid sixty thousand rubles for an Arabian, "Smetanka," which was mated with a Danish mare. The issue of their son, "Polkan," bred with a Dutch mare, was "Bars I." He was born in 1784, had perfect form and endurance, and the temperament of the oriental race. He was all Orlov desired, and became the ancestor of the Russian trotter. He bred seventeen years and had eleven sons. At the fourth generation the race was established. The horses of the Orlov stud were systematically trained for speed and endurance, running ten to thirteen miles a day.

To guarantee the purity of the breed indefinitely, the Government purchased these stables.

The Imperial Trotting stud descend from three sons of "Bars I." The characteristics of the Russian horse are superlative craftiness ("ketra," the Russian calls it), intelligence, unusual height, Arabian head with great width between the eyes, shoulders well-placed and sufficiently slanting, chest deep and wide, back straight and long, elegant rump, tail superb and placed high, feet solid, and muscles and tendons clean; the cannon bone is relatively short and sometimes tufted. When the horse is of pure race, his action is elegant, correct, and even, back and front. In the stud-book, first quality racers must descend from fourth generation pure Orlovs.

Nevertheless, the most sensational winners on the Russian track to-day are frequently Russian-American half-breeds. "Niebzgoda," an Imperial Prize winner, was out of an American dam, "Nelly R." by a Russian horse. "Prostee" ("Excuse Me!") had won every race open to her in Russia, thirty-one in all, and had never been beaten until the Fall of 1911, when "General H," the redoubtable American trotter, bred in Iowa, and "Bob Douglass," also an American horse, defeated her at St. Petersburg for a purse of Rs. 20,000. In 1911, Prostee held the world's one and two-mile ice records, the three-mile on ground,

and all European records, except the two-mile on ground which she never ran in company good enough to make a record. Her earnings total over Rs.206,000. She is a half-breed out of "Machiestoe" by "Passe Rose," who was imported from the Forest City Farm, Cleveland, Ohio. Count Waronzov-Dashkov, Governor of South Russia, has the largest stud for the breeding of clear Russians and "mates," or half-breeds. For ten years his stable has been the largest individual winner in Russia. Mr. Frank Caton, an American, is the Count's manager. Mr. Caton has been identified with the Russian track for twenty-five years. He and his two sons, William, trainer of "Prostee," and Samuel, have driven more winning races than any horsemen in Russia.

Sports.

The Russians are not an athletic people, though in wrestling, and recently in foot-ball, they have given a good account of themselves. Exhibitions in which sometimes a dozen wrestlers participate, are often given in the summer gardens of the Baltic provinces, Moscow and Warsaw.

At the Easter fêtes the crowds delight in tobogganing down slippery inclines, and in swinging to perilous heights. Rowing, swimming, skittles,

pitch and toss, skating, lawn tennis and badminton are other popular diversions.

Dances.

Many festivals are enlivened by the steps, the genuflections and the songs of the peasant dance. The air of the Kamarinsky is sounded by trumpets, while the dancers pass in stately measure. The Kazak and the Vesnianka, or Spring Dance, are often light-heartedly tripped by village peasant and city cousin. Rural Russia is represented in picturesque phase when young men and maidens join hands in the Khovorod, or Choir Dance, and circle about a bonfire, improvising part-songs to words descended from their forefathers.

General Information.— Permits to Photograph.

Those who desire to use their cameras in Russia must obtain a permit to photograph. If one is to make a tour of any length, the least expensive and most convenient method is to join the Russian Photographic Society, whose address is Kuznetzky Most, Diamgarov Passage, Moscow. A postal order for five rubles will bring a membership card, which will entitle the holder to photograph freely in Russia, with the exception of fortifications, navy yards, railway bridges and imperial domains. If preferred, a local permit may

THE OLDEST IKON OF THE VIRGIN IN RUSSIA, IN CATHEDRAL OF ST. SOPHIA, NOVGOROD

be obtained at the police headquarters of each city visited. A letter from one's consul may expedite matters, but in any case the passport must be shown. A hotel messenger can secure the permit if the traveller wishes it. The fee asked at headquarters varies from a ruble up, according to the importance of the town. In the country, in small towns, and on steamers, one's right to photograph ordinary sights will, in all probability, never be questioned, if no permit has been obtained in that vicinity. Special authority must be secured to photograph in the Kremlin, and inside churches and museums. If a polite gorodovoy, or policeman, asks to see the permit, its presentation will bring an immediate apology.

Language.*

An acquaintance with French and German will be most useful to the one travelling in Russia. At many hotels both will be spoken. In shops, German is more used than French. As one leaves the broad avenues for the narrower streets, and the important cities for the provinces, the need of a modest Russian vocabulary will be more pronounced. But among one's travelling companions there will often be those who know several lan-

* See under Hotels.

guages. From many months of experience, it may be stated that the language question offers no obstacles worth considering to the resourceful tourist who goes to Russia. It is advisable to learn the Russian alphabet, for convenience in reading names, et cetera.

Calendar.

The Old Style of reckoning the days of the year is still used in Russia. It is thirteen days behind New Style. Thus the twentieth of the month according to our calendar is the seventh in Russia, with the exception of Finland, which uses the New Style, only certain Russian holidays being observed there.

Including Sundays, the Russians celebrate one hundred holidays out of the year, among them, New Year; Festival of Purification, February second to fourth, Old Style; two weeks following Palm Sunday; Birthday of the Tsar, May sixth; Coronation of the Tsar, May fourteenth; Birthday of the Tsaritsa, May twenty-fifth; Birthday of the Tsarevich, July thirtieth; Festival of the Transfiguration, August sixth; Festival of the Assumption, August fifteenth; Nativity of the Virgin, September eighth; Festival of the Holy Ikon of the Kazan Virgin, October twenty-second; presentation of the Virgin, November twenty-first;

Christmas Holidays, December twenty-third to twenty-seventh. On these occasions there are special masses in the churches, and, sometimes, religious processions.

Postage.

Foreign letter postage costs ten kopeks a half-ounce; a post card, four kopeks. Letters for Russia (domestic postage) and post cards, seven and three kopeks respectively. The hotel should be consulted as to the rules which govern the expediting of registered mail.

If possible, it is well to learn how to write in Russian characters the name of the country to which letters are addressed, to avoid the delay consequent upon their going to the official translator before being dispatched. The Russian characters should be added in the upper left hand corner or over the name of the addressee.

During a long sojourn in Russia not one of a series of daily letters failed to reach its destination. However, it is the part of wisdom to register important mail. Discretion should be observed as to expressing in letters opinions derogatory to the Administration. And in this connection it may be added that courtesy and good judgment will forbid conversation in public which appears in the least degree to criticise, even casually,

the Government or its head. If tourists avoid this offence and have their passports in order, they may pass as freely in Tsarland as elsewhere.

Telegrams.

Telegrams may be sent in any language. In excess of the rate, there is a surtax of fifteen kopeks on each message. A receipt is always given the sender.

Money.

THE UNIT OF MONEY IS THE RUBLE

1 ruble = 100 kopeks = 50c. = 2s.
2 kopeks = 1c. = ½d.
Gold coins — 10 and 5-ruble pieces.
Silver—1 ruble; 50, 25, 20, 15, 10 and 5 kopeks.
Copper—5, 3, 2, 1, kopeks. Paper—1, 3, 5, 10, 20, 25, 50, 100 rubles.

Drafts, letters of credit, and circular notes are issued by American and British banks on banks in Russia. The American Express cheques are recommended. They are accepted at hotels in the largest towns and are cashed without discount at the banking correspondents of the American Express Company.

Measures.

MEASURES

1 vershok = 1.75 inches.
1 arshine = 2 ft. 4 in.
1 sazhen = 7 ft.
1 verst = 3,500 ft. = ⅔ mile.
1 dessiatine = 2.7 acres.

Weights.

WEIGHTS

1 zolotnik = 0.15 oz. av.
1 pound = ⅞ Eng. lb.
1 pood = 36 Eng. lbs.
1 pood = 40 Russ. lbs.

The Russian Year Book.

The Russian Year Book, compiled and edited by Howard P. Kennard, M. D., Author of "The Russian Peasant," and published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd., London, is a compendium of statistical facts about Russia in English, the first of its kind ever issued. Dr. Kennard, a resident of St. Petersburg, is an authority on Russia in her relation to England and America, as well as on Russian resources and activities in general. His invaluable volume treats of Russian laws affecting trade, the legal rights of foreigners, emigration and immigration, natural resources, agriculture, mining, ports and shipping, exports and imports, trade reports, customs tariff, finance, et cetera, and contains original charts and diagrams of interest, not only to the English and American business man, but to all students of Russia.

The author acknowledges courtesies at the hands of Dr. Kennard, and the assistance of the 1912 Year Book, which has been consulted for statistics relating to Russia's population, and other facts, many of them not obtainable elsewhere in English.

The assistance of Mr. John H. Snodgrass, U. S. Consul-General, Moscow, is also acknowledged with cordial appreciation.

CHAPTER III

CHRONOLOGY

In ten centuries, a few settlements on the Dniepr and Western Dwina have grown into the Russian Empire, which covers an area equal to four times that of Europe and is populated by 164,000,000 inhabitants. The Slavs form two-thirds of the population, the remaining third comprising a tangle of races. Two hundred and fifty-seven languages and dialects are spoken with the confines of the Empire.

Previous to the founding of the Rurik dynasty, nomadic tribes had wandered and fought over the plains adjacent to the great rivers and seas of the huge nameless tract. The Slavs, who came in the third century from the Carpathian Mountains, contended with the Goths and the Huns, and other hordes which had migrated west from Asia. In the extreme north lived the fishing and hunting tribes of the Finns and Choudes. Along the Black Sea were the Khazars and Bulgars. Records of the sixth century tell of the existence of a tribe called Poliani, ancestors of the Poles.

Some of these diverse tribes drew together, established Kiev in the south, and Novgorod in the north as centres. Even their untutored minds began to comprehend the potentialities of the rich plains crossed by navigable rivers and bounded by sea and mountain. Recognising their own half-savage incapacity to form and maintain an adequate government, they turned, like the Macedonians, to a Paul. "Come over and help us," they besought of three Scandinavian brothers, Rurik, Sineous and Truvor. "We have a great country where order reigneth not." Thus, in 862 three vikings came as the first sovereigns of Russia. The Finns called the new kings "ruotsen" or oarsmen, because they had paddled from Sweden in boats. In this word, the name Russia had its origin. The reigns of the Norman kings were stormy enough in the next few centuries, but settlements developed into cities and principalities were established. Novgorod the Great became a commercial centre and an independent state; likewise Kiev. Vladimir First imported the Byzantine religion and baptised the nation.

The thirteenth century brought the invasion of Genghis — Khan and his hordes, with their subsequent domination of Russia. The victories of the sainted Alexander of the Neva also distin-

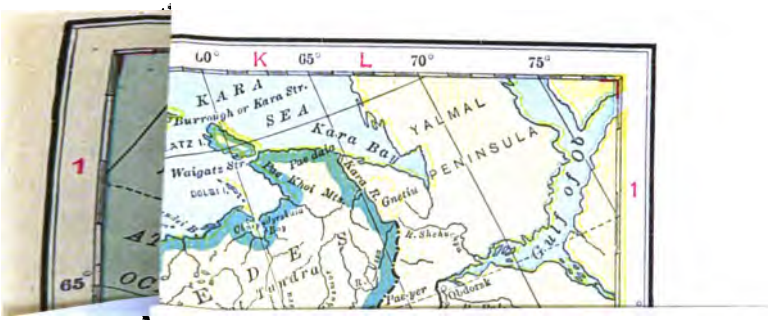
guished this age. Dmitri of the Don conquered the Tatars one hundred and fifty-six years after their first victory under Genghis.

Ivan III was the true founder of the Russian Empire, and, under his son, Moscow became the centre of the kingdom. Ivan IV, called The Terrible, brought under submission Tatar Kazan on the Volga, Astrakhan on the Caspian, Siberia, and the Cossack tribes. In his reign, the first English traders come to Arkhangel, then the only port on the north coast of Russia.

The last of the Ruriks died in 1598. There followed the iniquitous rule of Boris Gudonov, the claims of false heirs, assassinations and wars. Minine and Prince Pojarsky established for all time their claim as Russian heroes by expelling the Poles, who had made a victorious campaign against the Russians.

The bishops of the Church at Moscow followed young Michael Romanov to his monastic retreat on the Volga, and there elected and crowned him Emperor. He was a relative of Feodor, the last of the Rurik dynasty, and was the ancestor of all the Romanovs.

His son, Alexis, became the father of Peter the First, the most dominant imperial figure of Russian history. By conquests and innovations he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K
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KARA
SEA
Burrough or Kara Str.
Kara Bay
YALMAL
PENINSULA
Waigatz Str.
Pae dato
Pae Khoi Mts.
Kara R.
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assisted his country to more mature development. His victory at Poltava in 1709 cost Sweden her position as a military power, but it fixed Peter's claim to Western recognition.

His son Alexis died in the Peter-Paul fortress. Consequently it was a grandson of Peter I who was the next Tsar. Conceding to those who resented the removal of the capital to the new and despised city of the Neva, the Second Peter returned to the palace at Moscow, and died there, later, of small-pox.

Under Anne and Elizabeth, niece and daughter of Great Peter, there were wars with Poland, Turkey, Sweden and Prussia. Finland was ceded by the Swedes. The arts and literature were encouraged. Catherine II proved a feminine counterpart of Peter. She led conquests of the Caucasus, the Crimea and Courland, and forced reforms and learning upon her hesitant subjects.

Under Paul and Alexander First began long wars with France, ending in the treaty of Paris. In 1851, Nicholas First sanctioned the opening of the Petersburg-Moscow railway.

Lincoln was writing his proclamation freeing the slaves at the same time Alexander II and the Metropolitan Philaret were draughting the protocol which liberated the serfs. Before he was

murdered, March thirteenth, 1881, he had begun and, later, his son completed the subjugation of the Baltic provinces. During the latter's reign the Trans-Siberian road was begun.

On the death of Alexander III, his son Nicholas II came to the throne. He and his Empress, Alexandra Feodorovna, have five children, the Heir Apparent, Alexis Nicolaievich, born August twelfth, 1904 (New Style), and the Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Marie and Anastasia. It said that the life of the present Tsar is a contest between a desire to live in the intimacy of his family, and the necessity of ruling a monarchy.

Russia's story is a composite of the chronicles of races, widely different in origin and manners. While the Poles and the Muscovities were resisting the Eastern hordes, and warring against each other, Germans on the Baltic were defending their important cities against the Danes and the Hanseatic Order. No people have a more valiant record than these plucky provincials. Assailed by Swedes, French and Prussians, they came at last under the jurisdiction of Russia.

Some of the enemies of Courland, Esthonia and Livonia also besieged Finland, that doughty daughter of the north. In the end it was Russia who claimed her also.

The section of riven Poland which fell to Russia, the Asiatic tribes of Siberia, the mountains of the Caucasus, the Tatars of the Tauric Peninsula all pay tribute. The Tsarevich is the Hetman of the Cossacks. From Bulun to Bam, from Vladivostok to Alexandrowa, Russia has spun her web.

CHAPTER IV

THE BALTIC CITIES

Libau — Mitau — Riga — Dorpat — Narva — Windau — Arensburg — Revel

Libau.

The metropolis of the old Duchy of Courland is chiefly interesting to tourists because it is the home port of Atlantic and coast liners. But the Russians know it for its second-class fortification, and its commerce. Its export trade alone amounts, annually, to about fifty million rubles. The Government has under advisement the expenditure of over five million rubles on harbor improvements. It already has a fine breakwater and large docks.

Approaching from the sea it gives but a slight impression of Russia. Its silhouette is angular, in contrast to the florid grace of an essentially Slavic city. Like all the Baltic cities, Libau is Russian only by adoption. Its population is principally Jewish, Lithuanian, and German. The street signs are in Russian, German, and Lettish, and the two latter tongues are the most often heard.

The canals which penetrate the town show long perspectives of masts and funnels. The stern of the ships, which are here to load prosaic cargoes of fish, grain and lumber, bear the names of many German, English, and Scandinavian ports.

The sea baths, the concerts and the restaurant attract pleasure-seekers to the Kurhaus. A white sand beach borders the tideless Baltic. The air has a feel of the north and a tang of ozone. Barefooted Letts crouch over nets twined with dank sea weed, and churlishly repulse the curiosity of the promenader. Fine amber is washed up on this coast. Examples of it are worked into trinkets and sold near the Kurhaus.

There is a musty market place in a waste of cobbles. The Kornstrasse offers little that is individual in its shops. The residential avenues are shaded and inviting. Several miles from the city is a new Russian church, which gives a foretaste of beauties to come. When these bare statements are set down, the touristic chronicle of Libau has been written.

Libau is twenty-two hours from St. Petersburg by express train leaving in the morning. The route is by Mitau, Riga, Dorpat, and Narva.

A pleasanter route for those who have five or six days to spare, is by the recently inaugurated coasting vessels of

the Russian-American Line.* The sailings do not always connect with the arrival of Atlantic steamers, but, as the steamers lie over at Riga two or three days, unloading and loading, passengers may make the seven-hour rail journey to Riga and there join the boat for Petersburg, via Revel. This means of seeing the Baltic coast is recommended. The boats are very clean and comfortable, the table excellent, and the fare low. Officers speak English.

Transportation and cabin, including linen, Libau-Petersburg, Rs.16.00. First-class.

Transportation and cabin, including linen, Riga-Petersburg, Rs.9.00. First-class.

Meals are extra. Dinner (Rs.1.25) is charged whether taken or not. Other meals optional.

Mitau.

About five hours beyond Libau, by rail, is the town of Mitau, which was at its heyday nearly three hundred years ago, when Courland had African possessions, and other foreign colonies. The dignity of the city as a ducal residence was sustained by protecting ramparts. A Duchess of Courland became Empress of Russia in 1762, and, a year before her death, brought her native province under the standard of the two-headed eagle. Her name was Catherine, and she was called, "the Great."

The still unfinished chateau was begun in 1738 by Duke Biren on the plans of the Italian, Rastrelli, who designed many of the palatial build-

* Libau office, 2, Kurhaus Prospekt.

KALKSTRASSE AND THE PROMENADE, RIGA.

ings of Petersburg. When Louis XVIII was banished from France, he came to live at different periods in this castle, on the productive and historical plain of the River Aa. The rooms he occupied are now part of the residence of the Government officials, but are visible on application to the concierge. Provincial Museum and private galleries contain natural history collections, portraits, and antiquities relating to the Church and former rulers.

Mitau has been a seat of aristocracy and learning for seven centuries, and is therefore of interest to those who make a tour by this route. Visits to outlying parks and noble estates recall past glories of a vanished State.

Riga.

German merchants in the twelfth century laid the foundation of Riga's commercial renown, which has endured and increased until to-day the spirited city is, of all the Baltic towns, second only to St. Petersburg in population and industry. It has the physiognomy of a German port, and the cleanliness and astuteness, as well. There is no happy-go-lucky air about it. The tourist with a lust for things Slavic, may be impatient of its vigorous Teutonism. Its Hanseatic gables, guild

halls, and Luthern spires have nothing in common with Muscovy architecture, and the life of its streets and pleasure parks reflect no phase of orientalism. It is the most ultra-Western town in the kingdom.

Riga last year erected over fifteen hundred new business and apartment buildings, equipped with elevators, open plumbing and steam radiators. English and American farm machinery form the cargoes of many incoming ships, and the agriculturists of the region thereabouts share the renown of their fellows in Siberia and southwestern Russia for enterprise.

The princes of finance have built their modern villas in the Petersburg faubourg. A beautiful theatre and the noted Polytechnical School are in the same district. The Greek Orthodox Church and the City Art Gallery flank a verdant space in the centre of the new quarter, where there is also a lately erected bronze statue of Peter the Great.

The citadel on the river bank has been torn by the cannon balls of repeated sieges. It is a round tower of great age. A guild of young bachelors, who called themselves " black heads " in distinction to their grey-haired seniors, built the House of the Black Heads in 1330. Allegorical figures and the arms of cities which belonged to the Hansa

Order are sculptured on the face of this singular building. This guild made its impress on the politics and commerce of all the northern cities of its time.

Only the pipe organ formerly installed at the St. Louis Exposition, now at Asbury Park, New Jersey, and the giant of the Town Hall, Sydney, Australia, are larger than the instrument in the Domkirche, or German Catholic Cathedral of St. Mary. The towers of this church, of St. Peter's, and other medieval buildings embellish the city's sky-line as seen from the Dwina, and across the river in the suburbs.

The Historical Society of Riga has commemorated the stormy days of the old town by establishing a museum filled with examples of furniture, silver-ware, bronzes, ceramics, household utensils, arms, antiquated maps, and weapons, all expressive of the ancient Livonian period. The Palace of the Chevaliers supplements this collection by exhibiting in a handsome salon the armor of the nobles of Livonia.

The Governor-General of the Province occupies the castle built by Walter von Plettenburg, Master of the Knights of the Sword.

In summer, the residents resort to the villages of Bilderlingshof and Majohrenhof for the sea bath-

ing, and swarm out the well-paved streets to the parks, where the military bands boom and flute and thump programmes of German favourites, with Russian seasoning.

Riga is about fifteen hours from Petersburg via Dorpat and Narva, and about the same via Pskov, which latter point is on the through route from Berlin and Warsaw to Petersburg.

The railway to Revel (twelve hours from Riga) branches beyond Dorpat at Taps, turning west, while the road to Petersburg goes due east.

Through trains run from Riga to Moscow in thirty hours via Kreutzburg and Rjev; or by Smolensk, a somewhat longer route.

Dorpat.

Dorpat is the seat of the university which Gustavus Adolphus established in 1632, the first university within the present limits of the Empire. Moscow University, the first institution of its kind to be founded in Russia proper, had its birth one hundred and twenty-three years later.

Dorpat University has 2750 pupils. It has had a tumultuous career during war and rumors of war, but flourishes to-day.

If the tourist is fortunate enough to gain admittance to the Chateau Ratshof, outside Dorpat, he will be astounded to find a gallery containing works of Jan Steen, Ruysdaels, van Eyck, Frans

Hals, Teniers, Donatello, Della Robbia, and Michael Angelo. During long-ago tours in Holland, the ancestor of the Liphart family acquired this rarely visited collection.

Narva.

In the thriving days of the Teutonic Order, the commerce of Narva surpassed that of Riga and Revel. The archives of the middle ages record the intrepidity and energy of this comparatively insignificant port of the present. Like all frontier towns of those days, Narva had to defend, not only her commercial reputation but her possessions as well, from jealous nations. Because of her inaccessible harbour, and the subsequent supremacy of her sisters on the Gulfs of Riga and Finland, Narva is now lightly regarded except for her past prowess.

Windau.

Windau is on the coast north of Libau. The steamers of the Russian-East Asiatic Company, of which the Russian-American Line is a branch, touch here en route for Revel and Petersburg. It is a distributing port for much inland territory, and very recently has compelled attention because of its growth. It has a chateau built in 1290.

Arensburg.

On the ship's course to Revel lie the islands of Ösel and Dago, which seem to have broken from the mainland of Esthonia. Arensburg is the only large town in the island district. As famous as its baths are the rugged native ponies. Passengers for the steamers come out in small boats. At night, the water is often surveyed by the long shafts of the search-lights on revenue cutters, prowling about the sound for suspected smugglers.

Like all the rest of this region, these islands have had a succession of masters, beginning with Denmark and ending with Russia.

Hapsal, across the Moon Sound, is known for its baths and ecclesiastical ruins.

Revel.

The crotchety streets of this archaic port climb with many twists and angles from the lower town to the upper Domberg. Fantastic pinnacles and battlements, ruminating on by-gone hostilities, peer darkly down to the byways where Hansa merchants bartered for the city with the Danes, and where the balls of Swedes and Russians rent donjon and citadel.

The five shining domes of the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral are in almost banal contrast to the

Gothic façades of the buildings surrounding the Domberg. The castle, now the Governor's residence, has a tower which the energetic climb for the sea view. This memorial of the thirteenth century is the same age as the Dom, which contains tombs of Swedish generals, a Prince of Thurn, and a Scotch admiral, who, like so many of his race, served Russia in Catherine's time. Below the Palace Square is the limestone Church of St. Nicholas, having triple naves, decorated with carved wood and paintings. The old Christian King, Olas of Norway, has a monument in the graceful Church of St. Olas. The tower is the highest in Russia (463 ft.), and contributes to the gracious aspect of Revel from the sea.

Under the svelte seventeenth century tower of the City Hall are old arcades, and salons full of archives, tapestries, and sculptured wood. On the north, is the market-place, at the clou of the busy town. Every morning the Esthonian women come in from their farms to sell at the crude stalls the fruit of their labour. Their faces are broad with high cheek bones, and sometimes their eyes slant the weest bit, reminding one of their Mongol origin. They are usually bare-footed, and invariably wide-hipped and deep-chested. They bargain in the unpolished phrases of an illiterate

tongue, one of many distinct languages spoken by the various peoples of these northern provinces.

Revel is rich in walks and excursions. At Catherinethal is the imperial chateau which Peter I gave to his second wife, the First Catherine, who had been a house servant in the family of a Lutheran minister of this province before she became Peter's consort, and, later, Empress in her own right. One may drive on from the park about the chateau to Kosch, in the wooded valley of the St. Bridget River, and thence to the ruins of a convent dedicated by the Danes to St. Bridget. The Russians destroyed it centuries ago. Its dead walls and portals crown the banks of its winding namesake, not far from the sea.

In the roads off Revel, which is the chief naval station on the Baltic, there is usually a squadron of Russian cruisers or battle-ships. In the Summer, target practice takes place in the offing, towards Finland.

Helsingfors is almost opposite Revel, and only five hours away by steamer. Fare, four rubles.

By night express, Revel is eleven hours from St. Petersburg; by water eighteen hours. Fare, on the Russian-East Asiatic coasting vessels, five rubles, first-class, including cabin.

CHAPTER V

FINLAND

Helsingfors — Hango — Abo — Tammerfors — The Fishing-grounds — Viborg — Northern Lakes — Imatra

* * *

THE beauties of Finland are for the nature lover, rather than the sight-seer. From June to Fall, it is the embodiment of Summer joys. In compensation for sunless winters gripped in ice, the Creator grants this green and flowering respite. Spangled by lakes, wreathed with forests, fringed by islands, the "Last Born Daughter of the Sea" sits smiling amid the northern waters.

The stars go to bed when the summer begins, and the sun takes up the night watch in their stead. A kind of nature revelry intoxicates the land; the tourist will feel it as he drifts on serpentine streams, and penetrates piney retreats. No midnight shadows lie across the multitude of lakes. From noon to noon, the air is warmed by the sun, and tremulous with insect life. The lavish foliage and vivid wild flowers have their share in the outdoor orgy which marks the Finnish Summer.

The cities are animated, and some of them are out of the ordinary. Helsingfors is so unusual that it cannot be duplicated in the East, or on the Western Continent. But those who have been to Finland and essay to write of it, will find their pens rebellious of formal restraints, and apt to ramble from proscribed sights to a realm of legends and nature rites. It is impossible to play guide to the traveller with the completeness her fascinations demand. However, her Summer climate has so long been misconceived and her peculiar attractions so long disregarded by the holiday-maker, that it would be an offence against tourism to fail to suggest, if ever so briefly, the exhilaration of a sojourn in the land called Suomi by the Finns.

In race and language, the Finns are of the East, having little in common with Europe except what has been acquired and grafted. The Mongolian race in Russia has two branches. The Finns, Esthonians, Mordvins and Cheremissi belong to one, and the Tatars to the other. It may be supposed, therefore, that the "first settlers" were actuated by the same intrusive spirit of migration which brought the Horde of Gold to western gates.

They are one of the few races extant whose be-

ginnings have no chronicles on stone or parchment. Their lore is threaded with hints of witchcraft. To the country folk, the woods are still tenanted by spirits, recalling the legends of North American Indians. In fact, Longfellow imitated the metre of the Finnish runos, or sagas, in writing "Hiawatha." The epic of the "Kalevala"* —"Land of Heroes," recites the allegories of Vaïnämöinen, of Ilmarinen, and the Rainbow Maid, and ranks as a classic with the Iliad, the Shahnametti, and the Niebelunge.

The Finns are imaginative, whimsical, famously hospitable, intelligent, industrious, stubborn, and superstitious. They have the capricious solidity of their eccentric granite boulders. In the last half century, their country has emerged from a hoary chrysalis, scarred by the contentions of Slavs and Scandinavians, into a butterfly of progress and activity. New arts, new conceptions, new commerce have evolved with stupefying rapidity. The result is chaos, out of which a remarkable country will certainly eventuate. Progress is a cult, modernity a fetich. The latest of everything is in demand, let it be in politics,

*English translation from the original by W. F. Kirby. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York and J. M. Dent & Co., London.

architecture or business. Women sit in the Diet, a bizarre decoration and outline distinguishes houses and office buildings, and manufactories hum with equipment which is the last word in industrial fashions. Against a background of world-old sloth, the new Finland glitters like a gem on a sombre corsage.

The population of over three million is three-fourths Finnish. The remainder is made up chiefly of Swedes and Russians. For the Swedes, the Finns profess a burning contempt. Ninety-eight per cent of the population are Lutherans.

The Grand Duchy of Finland, which has belonged to Russia since 1808, is under the absolute administration of a Governor-General, nominated by the Tsar. The Senators are nominated by the Tsar to the two divisions of the Senate. The Legislation of the Grand Duchy is in the hands of a Diet of two hundred members, elected annually to sit for ninety days. In the last Diet, nineteen women members were elected. The Finns are not liable to personal military service, but pay an annual contribution to the Imperial Exchequer.

The calendar is the same as that of western Europe, but certain Russian fête days are observed in State offices and schools.

The Finnish standard of coinage is the mark = 9½d., English, = 19c., American, = 38k., Russian. 1 ruble = 2 marks 65. The copper unit is a penni. 5 pennis = ½d. = 1c. = 2k. Russian money is also in circulation.

Many Finnish business men speak English, as well as Finnish, Russian, and Swedish.

Helsingfors is served by steamers from Hull, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Revel, Åbo, Viborg and St. Petersburg. State railways connect Russia with Finland by lines running from Petersburg to Viborg, Helsingfors and Åbo, with branches to Imatra, the fishing grounds of North Finland, Hangö, Tammerfors, and other places of greater or less interest to the tourist.

Helsingfors.

The fortifications of Sveaborg, set on seven islands not far from Helsingfors, are the main strategic reason for the Russification of Finland. Most of the Baltic defences are out of date, and, therefore, Russia places great reliance on this Northern Gibraltar, which bars the way of hostile fleets.

The approach to the capital city is announced by the needle spires of a modern Lutheran church. A peninsula, or "near-island," as the French say, drops from the mainland like a pendant, edged by a filigree of islets. On this site, stretches a

level shore, surmounted by low hills. In striking variety and wide extent spread the avenues, parks, and suburbs of the Finnish metropolis. If the municipality were a ménage, one could say that it reflected good house-keeping. There is no dust in the corners, and the brasses are rubbed to a mirror polish. The Esplanade is the shady front yard, and the market place is handy for the day's provisioning. The country women sit here every Summer morning, barricaded by greens and dewy vegetables, and flanked by radiant hampers of wild flowers, baskets of berries, and cans of rich milk. They come by cart or boat from their toupas, which, unlike the Russian farm houses, are usually set far apart, their acres divided by slanting fences.

The hotels, which are modern and very reasonable in price, are grouped near the market. A good room in the "Societetshus" costs from three to nine marks. The street which parallels the Esplanade is one of the main shopping thoroughfares.

Following the burning of Helsingfors, shortly after its subjugation to Russia, the Government, appreciative of the city's fine position, sent a German named Engel to plan a new capital. He was a man of ideas and energy, and he created,

GRAND DUCHESS ELIZABETH, NOW AN INMATE OF A CONVENT WHICH SHE FOUNDED

as examples to future architects in Finland, a cluster of buildings which still exist as memorials of his genius. These are the Senate, the Library, the Governor-General's residence, the Nicholas Church, the University, and the Observatory. The statue in the Senate Square was raised to Alexander II in 1894, in gratitude for his consideration of the rights of his northern subjects.

About twenty-five hundred students are enrolled in the various schools of the University. One-fifth of this number are women. Both sexes wear a white velvet cap, bordered in black, and bearing an emblematic lyre.

The Athenæum houses a most interesting picture gallery, which denotes the present attainments and future promise of native artists. The Finnish Art Union, founded over sixty years ago, has so nurtured the talents of the past generation, as well as the present, that there is now a clearly defined Finland school, based on all that is typical of this imaginative and strongly patriotic country. Among the painters whose work will be particularly enjoyed are Robert Ekman, Lindholm, Vesterholm, Edelfelt, Gallen and Holmberg. Finland's four greatest sculptors are Rüneberg, Stigell, Vallgren and Takanen. The work of several of these artists has found

appreciation abroad. One of Edelfelt's genre pictures is in the Luxenbourg, Paris, and another in the Alexander III Museum, Petersburg.

The Skatudden quarter, on a jutting tongue of land to the east of the city, is the site of the Greek Orthodox Church and the Customs House. Avenues upon avenues front apartment houses of elegant and odd design. The abundant granite quarries supply the principal building material. Its handling is often as grotesque as it is massive, so that Helsingfors may be accused of possessing a scheme of architecture which traduces tradition, laughs at common-placeness, and sometimes violates accepted forms. But no matter what the result, Helsingfors is refreshing because it is different. It is not Japanese, or Levantine, or Hindu; it is neither Classic, nor Gothic, nor Renaissance, but it *is* Finnish.

At a number of arboured restaurants, one may taste Finnish fare at its best. The distinctive feature of luncheon or dinner is the "appetiser," corresponding with the zakuska of Russia, except that, if possible, it exceeds the Russian in variety. The dinner is usually taken between three and six P. M., a cold supper following at eight or nine o'clock. The Finnish cooks have an individuality that charms all palates. If this is doubted,

let the stranger take supper at the Kapellet at the end of the Promenade, or dinner at one of the excellent hotels. He will not pay more than three marks for an elaborate meal. Brittle discs of "knackebrod" and native beer are on every bill of fare.

For recreation, the residents go to the Brunnspark by tram, five minutes from the harbour, or to the Zoölogical Garden, zoölogical in name only, for, as yet, it has no animals. Or they board a jaunty craft bound for Sveaborg, or Högholmen, or one of the myriad islands of the port, lunching, perhaps at the Klippan restaurant, near the Yacht Club anchorage.

The Finland Tourist Office, 21 Norra Esplanada, Helsingfors, will give, gratuitously, details concerning trips to any part of Finland, including information to fishermen, and to those wishing to shoot the rapids in typical tar boats, a sport enjoyed on several riotous streams and lakes. The officials of the Finland Steamship Company are always most attentive to travellers. Their building is one of the handsomest in the city, and the stranger in search of information is courteously welcomed.

Hangö.

The Finnish Brighton or Atlantic City is about fifteen hours from Helsingfors by water, and six hours by rail. Each Summer thousands of guests arrive at the gay little watering-place, where many weeks may be happily spent. It is at the toe of the most southerly promontory of the Grand Duchy. English house-wives who relish the butter churned in Finland dairies, will be interested in the fact that Hangö is a principal shipping point for the creamy commodity.

Äbo.

The former capital of Finland (eight hours northwest of Helsingfors by rail) has many historic claims upon the tourist's attention. It had its birth in 1157, when the Swedes baptised it with Christian rites. In the thirteenth century, the cathedral was consecrated to St. Henry, Bishop of Upsal, and, strangely, an Englishman. That he should be the patron saint of Finland seems still more strange, but this fact only emphasises the influence the English have had upon this country. As traders, artists, and churchmen, they have been valued tutors. The British have also been the first to appreciate Finland from the tourist's view-point. Each year, they are

seeking her cities, forest camps, and fishing grounds in greater number, offering the Americans an example which they will emulate to their pleasure.

The Church of St. Mary on the Aura, north of Åbo, was built in 1161, and therefore has the distinction of being the oldest in Finland.

In a chapel of the grizzly Åbo Dom is the modern sarcophagus of a Swedish queen, who, as a little girl, tended a stall in the market at Stockholm. She was wooed by King Eric XIV who, despite his subjects' contempt for his lowly choice, made her his consort. When a scornful prince sent him a symbolic robe of velvet patched with coarse cloth, the loyal spouse returned it, the patch having been sewn with gems to signify the worth of the beggar-girl queen.

A well-to-do citizen has given the town a collection of native art as the nucleus for a picture gallery. In conjunction with the Athenæum at Helsingfors, it is of more than ordinary interest.

A short boat ride from the city, a stolid old chateau grimly surveys the country-side, reminiscent of the days when the apparently ubiquitous Gustavus Adolphus was in residence there, and of later times when prisoners stared out of its grilled casements.

Abo is very jealous of the present capital. It was at one time the only city in Finland, but must to-day concede supremacy to another. However, the island environs of the elder city are even more beautiful than those of the capital, called Helsinki by the natives, and the inhabitants of Åbo, who are nearly all of Swedish origin, staunchly vaunt the superiority of their harbour. The archipelago reaches out for miles to meet Sweden, affording inward-bound steamers hours of Arcadian scenery.

Tammerfors.

At the end of the Åbo-Tammerfors branch of the railway, about a four-hour journey, is the chief manufacturing town of the country. The power of its many factories is obtained from lake rapids, so that it is not soiled by soot or smoke, and is perhaps the tidiest mill town in existence.

Troops of well-clothed, bright-faced factory hands indicate the prosperity of Finland's third largest town. Everything is unadulteratedly Finnish, and consequently, as substantial as it is enterprising and original.

The site of the town is a promontory which separates two great lakes, the Näsi and Pyhä järvi. The interior of Finland, a wildly beauti-

ful region, can be reached by steamers of the Näsi järvi.

The five-hour journey from Tammerfors south to Helsingfors, and the subsequent eight hours to Viborg by rail, will reveal pictures of rural Finland . . . a clump of osiers in the angle of a rail fence, mild cows nibbling their lush pasturage, the shine of a lake through the birches, rosy farm children gathering field berries, some mowers lunching in the shade of typical hay piles, whose denuded skeletons look like hall-racks. In the evening, after a steam bath at the sauna, or bath-house, as necessary in the make-up of a Finland farm as the barn or granary, the workers will smoke their beloved tobacco before their red-brown cabins, while their women-folk tuck the little berry-pickers in their straight beds.

Half way between Helsingfors and Viborg, a line ascends almost due north for 275 miles to the prolific fishing-grounds of Kajaani and Vaala. Salmon, grayling and trout rise best to the bait in August. The hotel service is wholesome and inexpensive. The Finland Steamship Company will forward to anglers detailed information.

Lönnrot, who compiled the Kalevala, was born near Kajaani, the son of a tailor.

Viborg.

Viborg has its place in the tourist's Finland, not because of its personal attraction, but because it is the guardian of the way that leads to the north lakes and Imatra. In itself, it is a dull town, neither of its own country nor of Russia, but a dingy jumble of both.

The corpulent tower called "Fat Katherine" looks down on her stocky sisters in the market-place. One may walk on the Esplanade and sup under the trees, and for forty pennis obtain entrance four days a week to the lovely estate of "Mon Repos," which is two miles away across the Åbo bridge.

There is a leisurely, beautiful route by the locks of the Saïma Canal to Rättijärvi, where a diligence leaves for Imatra, twenty-six miles away. The steamers sail from the Castle quay and enter locks hemmed by the summer estates of rich Petersburgers. Beyond Rättijärvi, the canal enters the great lake of Saïma, which ramifies and extends into the matchless kingdom of the Forest Gods, past Nyslott, the Finnish Venice, beyond the ridge of Punkaharju, through a labyrinth of water-ways, up and up to Kuopio and Iisalmi. This is a bracing, lazy route to the

fishing lakes. The steamers and inns are simple, but always comfortable. It is only a three-hour journey by rail from Iisalmi to Kajaani. From this backwoods hamlet, where conversation is of flies, spoon bait and Devon minnows, a steamer crosses Oulujärvi to a point from which a post road starts. It traverses a primitive waste to Uleaborg, on the north shore of the Gulf of Bothnia.

To witness the spectacle of the midnight sun, the tourist may journey from Uleaborg by train to Torneå on the Swedish border, ascend the river, and climb Mount Avasaksa; or, before reaching Torneå, leave the train at Kemi, and proceed by a new line to Rovaniemi, on the Arctic circle.

Imatra.

Those who have only a day to see the show place of Finland will journey the twenty-two miles from Viborg to Imatra by rail.

The voice of struggling waters comes down the shaded avenue which leads from the station to the bridge spanning the River Vuoksi. There is a note in the roaring torrent which alarms, but allures as well. In ten minutes, the traveller is on the bridge looking on the writhing flood.

It will help to understand the leaping fury below if one traces on a map of Finland the branching maze of lakes which disgorge in the great Saïma. The waters have gyrated among legions of lakes and recessed shores to meet at last below Nyslott. There they turn east, and assemble in the Saïma, like troops marshalled from far-off garrisons upon a battle-field. They storm the slender passage of the Vuoksi, crowding through its mouth in passionate haste. As they descend, the waters which, in the north, have lain so placidly among the islands, burst into a savage rage. Since birth, they have known neither trammel nor obstruction. Suddenly, the river narrows, and they are crowded, tossed, piled upon one another in a channel walled by granite cliffs not fifty feet apart. They shriek and thunder and plunge like trapped creatures. They trample and crush in terrible combat, as they fall down the declivities of the river bed, forming the Cascades of Imatra, and four others of lesser descent and decreasing tumult. Calmed and chastened, the flood broadens and courses on its way to Lake Ladoga, the Neva, and the sea with advancing repose, brooding upon the conflict its younger brothers are even then waging.

From the balcony built over the cliff in the

grounds of the Cascade Hotel, the deafened, awe-struck traveller may gaze across and up the seething cataract, or, descending to the edge of the right bank, may look directly into the face of the flood.

Boat and fishing excursions above and below the Falls are innocuous diversions after one has witnessed the torment of the waters at the Cascades of Imatra.

The passenger who prefers to leave Viborg for Petersburg by steamer, will find frequent communication, as boats down from Helsingfors call four times a week, arriving at the Vassili Ostrov Pier, Petersburg.

Those who have already made the tour of Russia, can return direct to Stockholm, Copenhagen or Hull by the Finland Steamship Line, sailing from Helsingfors or Åbo.

The railway trip from Viborg to Petersburg consumes four hours. Baggage is examined at the Finnish frontier. The terminal station is the Finliandsky Voksal, a long way from the centre of the capital. Cab fare, about 1 ruble = 2/– = 50c.

Passengers from Berlin, Vienna and Warsaw arrive at the Warsaw Station or Voksal, Petersburg; from Libau, Riga and Revel, at the Baltic Station; from Moscow and the south, at the Nicholas Station.

Hotel omnibuses meet the principal trains. The new arrival who is diffident about venturing upon the comedy of bargaining with the cab drivers may prefer the omnibus of his chosen hostelry. Or, after tipping the luggage porter about 20 kopeks = 5d. = 10c., he may enter a drosky, mention to the isvoschik the name of his hotel, and drive off, assured that in record cab time he will reach his destination, and that the porter will there adjust the fare.

CHAPTER VI

THE CAPITAL, AND OTHER CITIES OF GREAT RUSSIA

St. Petersburg — Its Environs — Novgorod — Staraïa Roussa — Pskov — Tver

* * *

St. Petersburg.

THE City of Peter is the one capital which was made to order, which arose from a tenantless plain because it was commanded to become the seat of its rulers. Among cities, it was a misproduction, conceived in the humours of a conquering personality, sponsored by unwilling subjects, its infancy attended by the gravest ills.

But no one questions to-day Tsar Peter's intuition. The magnificent, affluent metropolis is its own vindication of his foresight. When it was but a raw novice of a city, he confidently gave it his name. Where else has a sovereign so splendid a namesake?

From the approaching train or steamer, it recalls the chimerical Orient. The Church is the imperious factor of the Empire, and it is the archi-

tecture of its Byzantine temples which pervades every aspect of city and hamlet. A shining diadem of pinnacles and domes crowns the city on the banks of the Neva.

The impression that one has entered a world quite apart from the west of Europe is accentuated by the sight of hieroglyphics on wall and sign-board, by the emphatic colours that prevail in garments and house decoration, and the stocks of shop and market. The expanse of the city is wide and its population so dispersed that the streets, with the exception of the always teeming Nevsky, are surprisingly uncrowded. But on the world-famous Perspective of the Neva, cab wheels often lock in the crush, and the sidewalk throngs move in a slow mass from daybreak to daybreak. Revellers coming home from the Gardens meet the factory hands going to work. The Petersburg day is never done. The English and Admiralty Quays are gay with promenaders and fine ladies in fine carriages. Up and down the Great Neva the little boats puff importantly carrying produce and passengers. This stream, daughter of Lake Ladoga, largest inland body of water in Europe, divides the city proper from the Islands, which comprise a large territory, intersected by the Little Neva and Great Nevka.

Opposite the heart of the city are the Bourse, the Foundling Asylum, the Academies, the Naval School, the main boat and ship landings, and the University, founded in 1819 and having over ten thousand students. But on the Admiralty side of the river will be found most of the sights the tourist has come to see.

The three principal streets radiate from the Alexander Garden as a centre. The canals run, like those of Amsterdam, in the shape of a fan. The three chief ones are called the Fontanka, the Catherine, and the Moïka.

Second only to those of Moscow are the church edifices of Petersburg. Of them all, St. Izaak's takes precedence for its opulent severity. It stands in the Alexander Garden near the great Admiralty building, whose spire is gilded by Dutch ducats given to Peter the First. Across the square from the Cathedral is the statue of Peter on a rearing horse, which was presented to the city by Catherine II, and which is familiar to everyone who has seen pictures of the capital.

The main cupola of St. Izaak's and its surmounting lantern and cross are overlaid by two hundred pounds of gold leaf. The rows of pillars which circle the porticos, are sixty feet high, and are single shafts of Finland granite. The im-

ST. PETERSBURG.

mense bronze doors are marvels of the founder's art. There are columns of lapis lazuli and malachite within, and rich paintings and sumptuously jewelled ikoni.

At the "call to service," the worshippers throng through the doors to kneel or stand through the singing of psalms, the intonations of the priests, the reading of the epistles, the chorals and sermon, consecration of the elements, the burning of incense and chanted benediction. Everything that pertains to Russian ecclesiasticism is embroidered by Eastern precedent. The Church is a descendant of Byzantium. Its insignia and forms are almost the same as when Vladimir the First and his subjects put off the coat of paganism for one of Christianity. The tourist may enter freely any of the churches, which are always open at least until dark, and where services are frequently celebrated.

From the Nevsky, the approach to the Kazan Cathedral is across a plaza and through a high portico. This edifice might be called, The Church of Thanksgiving. Since 1811, the royal family have been accustomed to give thanks here for victories or delivery from danger. The outline of the pillars is nearly obscured by trophies hung here by victors of the Turks, Persians, French,

and Swedes. The chapels and high altars are a showy mass of jewels, gold, silver and mosaic. The miraculous Lady of Kazan, said to have been brought here from the city on the Volga, blazes upon the ikonastas, the screen which in all Orthodox churches defends the Holy of Holies from the chancel. On either side of the Royal Doors are paintings of the Christ, the Virgin, and the saints and apostles. The most venerated relics are usually mounted upon the ikonastas. The balustrade and screen of the Kazan are made of one and a half tons of melted plate, re-taken by the Cossacks from the French in 1812.

The Expiatory Church to the memory of Alexander Second is on the edge of the canal where he fell. It is floridly painted on its outer walls, and the never-ending cupolas are parti-coloured and infinitesimally cut in a limitless variety of effects. The interior is the usual superb assemblage of priceless metals, gems, and marbles. Its cost, about twenty million rubles, was defrayed by popular subscription to commemorate the murdered Liberator of the Serfs, and Friend of Finland.

The plastered and white-washed Pantheon enclosed within the fortress of Peter and Paul exceeds in interest the costly display of all the

churches and cathedrals across the river. The Trinity Bridge is the chief means of access from the main town to the island of the citadel. In the fortress prison, Alexis, son of Peter the Great, mysteriously died. Many political prisoners have lived their last hours here, and Stoessel was confined in an upper cell, after the Japanese war. East of the citadel is the hut in which the founder of the city lived while forty thousand workmen, recruited from every part of the Empire, drained the marsh, sunk piles, built the foundation and, often, died of exposure during the creation of the capital. The two cottage rooms are open daily; one of them is now a chapel and contains the ikon always carried by Peter on his travels. Hand-painted copies of it cost but a few rubles. By the Trinity Cathedral, built after a Dutch Protestant church, is the brick shelter covering the "Grandfather of the Russian Navy," which the boy Peter discovered in a shed where it had been discarded, possibly by the Dutch ship builders whom Alexis brought from Holland. Peter came by his love of the sea from his father, who, however, lacked the initiative and creative force of his off-spring.

Around the corner of the fortress, directly on the river bank, is the plain doorway of the Sep-

ulchre where lie Peter and all the sovereigns who have since sat on the throne of Russia, except Peter II, who removed the court to Moscow, and died there of small-pox. Soldiers guard the simple tomb, and the martial effect is heightened by the banners, wreaths, and keys which hang on the columns. Each sarcophagus bears the name of a sleep Tsar or his consort, the double eagle, and an eternal light wreathed in gold. Bosomed within the feeble walls of the old bastion, this unpretentious chamber is, because of its simplicity, more appealing than the mammoth Pantheons of Rome or Paris. Above it, a thin gold spire announces the resting-place of the Gosúdars.

By the river at the end of the three-mile Nevsky Prospekt, is the spot where Alexander of the Neva routed an army of Swedes and Chevaliers, in 1241. Peter I — how impossible it is to write of the capital without reiterating this omnipotent name! — built a chapel here in memory of the warrior, and so set the fashion for posterity. All over the Empire are Orthodox temples which bear the name of the sainted Alexander. From Peter's modest chapel as a nucleus, grew the Monastery of St. Alexander, the third in the kingdom in prestige and wealth.

Ten thousand "Black Priests," or monks, in

THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

distinction to the "White Priests," the preachers and pastors of the Church, inhabit four hundred and fifty monasteries, which left their fair domes from the White Sea Island of Solovetsky to the Promontory of Partheniké, which cleaves the Euxine. From the Brothers of St. Basil are chosen the dignitaries of the Church, who, also in distinction to the Whites, never marry. There are three Russian Metropolitans, their lavras, or seats, being at the Pechorski, the St. Sergius, and the Alexander Nevsky Convents, a name which, with the Russians, is interchangeable with monastery.

In the twelve churches of the latter are rich tokens of past and present devotees. The Trinity Cathedral encloses the relics of St. Alexander in a catafalque of massive sculptured silver of unimaginable beauty. There are other munificent memorials, and some excellent copies of Rubens and Perugino hang on the walls. But one forgets them to return again to the saintly tomb.

To this Cathedral-shrine, the imperial family come on certain great days in the calendar to celebrate a "perfect mass," four hours long. On these occasions, the Imperial Choir of boys and men chant the responses with a harmonious blend of bass and soprano which has no equal else-

where in Russia, certainly not in other countries.

Even more interesting than the Church of the Annunciation, in which there are crypts of dead nobility, are the twin cemeteries of the monastery on either side of the little bridge. Glinka, Rubinstein and Cháikovsky, Krylov, Dostoievsky, Karamzine, and many other poets, authors, and composers, are buried here amid a confusion of other graves less important to the stranger. The right to bury in these consecrated acres is an expensive privilege. Such revenues and many other perquisites contribute annually five hundred thousand rubles to the lavra coffers.

The Winter Palace was so named in contrast to the Summer home of royalty which used to be on the Fontanka Canal, still one of the boulevards of wealth and fashion. The huge structure of red stucco, the hugest imperial residence extant, some say, capable of housing six thousand people, fronts the Neva, and has for its rear outlook the unlovely cobbled square, marked by the Alexander I monument, tallest monolith of modern times, and bounded by the Staff Office, with its multiplicity of blinking windows.

Authority to enter the Palace is obtained through one's ambassador. In entering by the Jordan doorway, the permit is shown to the official in

waiting. The lower apartments belong to the imperial family and are not on view. The Ambassadors' Stairway of Carrara marble mounts to apartments which are the last word in regal grandeur. The White Salon is the most renowned. Its walls are covered with gold and enamelled salvers, offered on state occasions by various municipalities. The Court Balls, which are unequalled in lustre and gaiety, are given in this superb salon.

The Hall of St. George, the Gilded Hall, the Pompeian Gallery, the Throne Room, the Pavilion, the Salon of the Field Marshals, the rows upon rows of portraits, the great silver candelabra, the gorgeous chandeliers, the bijou private chapel, even the Treasury containing the Crown Jewels, which can be seen only upon application to the Minister of the Imperial Court, all are less absorbing than the chamber to which the "Royal Martyr," Alexander II, was brought when wounded to the death. The common-place appointments and the trivial belongings, the contents of his pockets turned out upon the plain desk the morning he died, speak eloquently of his insignificant wants in the midst of splendor.

The adjoining Hermitage is built on the site

of a pavilion where Catherine the Vivacious used to retreat from court life with congenial spirits. It is a treasure house of antiquities, paintings and sculpture too little known outside Russia. Such a gallery in any country but Russia would of itself attract troops of tourists yearly. An authority says, "The gallery of the Hermitage must incontestably be ranked with the first of Europe. Its chief claim to distinction is the fact that it contains so many examples of the best epochs of many schools. Only the Prado, at Madrid, surpasses it for Spanish art, and the Louvre for French. For the Flemish masters it rivals the principal Flemish collections, and as for the Dutch, and especially for Rembrandt, it is probably the premier of all. The Hermitage possesses more pictures of masters like Teniers, Rubens, van Dyck, and Jordaens than any other gallery." Botticelli, da Vinci, Titian, Velasquez, Pereda, Murillo, van Eyck, Cuyp, Paul Potter, Claude Lorraine, Watteau, and Greuze are all represented by chef-d'œuvres. Catalogues of the various schools are sold at the entrance. On presentation of identity, strangers will be admitted, even though the gallery be closed for the Summer vacation.

Souvenirs of Peter the Great are displayed in

TAURIDE PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, MEETING PLACE OF THE DUMA

SESSION CHAMBER OF THE DUMA, TAURIDE PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG

a salon named for him, which is joined to the Second Hermitage by an arcade.

A former palace on the Michael Square houses the Alexander III Museum of modern art. The pictures are not so representatively Russian as those of the Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow. But many of them are very fine, and it is instructive to see the Petersburg collection first for chronological reasons.

The earlier efforts of the native painters are after the Italian, Dutch and French manner. It is interesting to trace the evolution from outside influence into a spirit and method startlingly individual. Russian history and myths, serfdom and village life, the ceremonials of the Church, the level mystery of the steppes, the passes and ravines of the Caucasus, afford ample inspiration for Russians to paint national scenes.

The Russian School is only about fifty years old, but it has emerged rapidly from the style of Brulov's "Last Days of Pompeii" and Chebuïev's "St. John in the Desert," to Borisov's Arctic Sketches, Repine's Cossacks, Surikov's Siberian dramas, Shishkine's forests, Bogdanov's "Sunday Lesson in a Village School," Ge's studies of the Church, and Aïvasovsky's marines. The pictures of Orlovsky, the animal painter, occupy an en-

tire salon. Wenig's "Young Russian Girl" has a baffling smile. She might be called a Russian Mona Lisa. The originals of Antokolsky's Christus, Socrates, and Ivan the Terrible are here, and other notable sculptures, including some of Beklemichev's best bronzes.

Across the river in the University section are the Musuems of Zoölogy and Mineralogy, the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Art. The gallery of foreign painters numbers such names as Bouguereau, Meissonier, Wouwerman, Diaz, Dupré, Bonheur, Millet, Courbet, Troyon, Scheffer, and Gérome in its catalogues. The Russian Salon comprises a small but choice selection of native art.

The private collection of Monsieur Semenov is shown upon request. The pictures at the Stroganov Palace are on public view twice a week.

The Tauride Palace, where the Duma sits temporarily, is not far from the Palace of the Stroganovs at the end of the Serghievskaïa. Beyond is the Smolni Convent, attended by noble young Russian women.

The Imperial Library, founded upon the rare collections brought from Warsaw upon the partition of Poland, is one of the most important in Europe. It has a million and a half volumes, and

twenty-seven thousand manuscripts. Here and in the Vatican are the most ancient Greek manuscripts of the New Testament. The Ostromir manuscript, dated 1056, is the oldest known in the Slavonic. There are hand-written parchments here which cannot be matched for antiquity in the British Museum or elsewhere.

A diverting hour may be spent at the Imperial Museum of Carriages among a display of vehicles varying from voiturettes fit for fairy princesses, to two-wheeled carts, and Peter's sledge.

On the upper floor of the Conservatory, a noble building on the Theatre Square, is a collection of Glinka and Rubinstein relics. The Marie Theatre is opposite. It is the home of the Petersburg Opera and the renowned Imperial Ballets. The Alexandra Theatre is on the Alexandra Square near the Library. The Dowager Empress Marie has her Petersburg residence in the old palace of the Anitchkovs, at the end of the Anitchkov Bridge, which is particularly noticeable for the colossal bronze horses of Baron Klodt.

There are several statues of greater or less artistic value set in parks and squares in memory of Nicholas I, Catherine II, Alexander III (a bulky figure on an immense horse, the work of

Prince Paul Troubetzkoy), of Krylov, the fable maker, Glinka, the best-loved composer, the patriot-poet Pushkine, and Lermontov, his brother poet, whose life ran so strangely parallel with his own. A group which depicts Peter struggling in the Neva to save the drowning sailors, was set up last year near the Senate by His Imperial Highness, Nicholas II. Last year also saw the unveiling of a handsome bronze commemorating the Russian heroes of the Japanese war.

Shopping in St. Petersburg is a doubtful pleasure, unless one can indulge whims in the supercilious shops of the Bolshaïa Morskaïa and the Nevsky, among an extravagance of furs, and porcelains.

The Gostinny Dvor, the "Great Bazaar" of two hundred shops, covers a square fronting on the Nevsky. Enticing as the booths and windows appear at first glance, they are disappointing in reality, for native merchandise so often gives place to sordid products of Germany and Austria. One even suspects the ikoni and Caucasian silver-ware and Circassian belts, the Lapland slippers and the Siberian stones.

In Moscow, the joys of bargaining are enhanced by the feeling that the laces are really made in Riazan or Kaluga, the shawls in Orenburg,

the toys in the Sergievsky Possad, the pottery in Poltava, the baskets in Viatka, the wooden spoons in the Balakna District, the enamels in Moscow cellars, and the samovars in Tula or Yaroslav.

Three of the most frequented Petersburg markets are in or near Sadovaïa, or Garden, Street, The provision market displays the vegetables of Rostov and Little Russia, the fruits of the Baltic provinces, Central Russia, the Crimea and the Caucasus, butter and eggs and beef from Siberia, and fish from many rivers and inland seas. The Alexandrovsky New Market, in Great Sadovaïa, sells second-hand furniture, and the Maréenski rewards those who search for antique odds and ends.

The Islands are the pride of Petersburg. There are over forty in the Neva delta. On many of them are villas of the rich, and al fresco resorts, set in parks entwined by rambling streams and edged by the Gulf. By seven o'clock of a Summer's night, half Petersburg, with his wife or sweetheart, is speeding by drosky, tram, motor-car, or river boat to verdant delights awaiting them on the islands of Kammeny, Krestovsky, Novaïa Derevnïa and Yelaghine. The Summer and Zoölogical Gardens, and others, more or less select, receive the other half.

Local steamboats leave every few minutes on the Catherine, Fontanka, and Moïka Canals, and on the Great Neva for the Kalinkine Bridge, the Field of Mars, and the Finland Station. Fare, 3–5k. Steamers to the Islands leave from the Summer Garden every twenty minutes. Fare, 5k. to 5:00 P. M., 10k. from 5:00 P. M.-11:45 P. M.

The fare on electric trams is 5k. each ticket.

Excursions.— Schlüsselburg.

En route to the source of the Neva, the boat passes manufacturing villages, chateaux on wooded hills, and handsome estates. Schlüsselburg, the town, is at the point where the river leaves the lake, carrying with it the waters of many Finland lakes. The canals of Lake Ladoga are a link in the chain of waterways which makes it possible for boats to pass from the Caspian Sea, up the Volga, and on to Archangel into the White Sea, completely traversing the length of the Empire.

The citadel, which Peter took from the Swedes after years of contention, was considered so important that he named it in German, The Key Fort. It is a small round fortress on an island in the river, and is reached by boats from the docks of the little city. The citadel is a State prison, where many dramas have been staged, including the stories of imperial characters, and political offenders. Those who are committed

MONUMENT IN ST. PETERSBURG TO MEMORY OF SOLDIERS KILLED IN JAPANESE WAR

here remain for life. "He who enters never emerges," might be carved over its doors.

The Schlüsselburg boats leave about every other hour from a dock near the Summer Garden. The trip to Lake Ladoga consumes four hours, passing through the Neva Rapids. Returning down stream, about three hours. Fare, one way, R.1.00.

Kronstadt.

The island fort which has for its special mission the defence of the capital, lies almost at the extreme point of the narrow bay separating Ingria from Finland. The city of Kronstadt has a population of sixty thousand, made up chiefly of labourers in the dock-yards, and representatives of the army and navy in the various barracks and arsenals.

Those interested in seeing rather obsolete fortifications and ship-building yards will find pleasure in the forty-mile excursion down the Bay of Kronstadt.

Boats for Kronstadt leave several times a day from the pier opposite No. 8 Line, Vassily Ostrov. Time of trip, about two hours. Fare, 60k.

Peterhof — Oranienbaum.

On a June or July Sunday, the Russian Versailles is at its best. The imperial park and residence

are on a rise above the Gulf of Finland. The maisonettes occupied by various royalties when wearied by ostentation, Peter's Dutch villa, "Mon Plaisir," the Greek Temple, the church, the many statues, kiosks, pools and gardens are all subservient to the Grand Chateau, so frequently visited by the present reigning family. The Tsarevich was born here in 1904. The red and white structure topped by the inevitable gold domes, is at the head of an avenue bordered by trees, and ornamented by leaping fountains and statuary veiled in spray. In the palace, are portraits, tapestries, and royal souvenirs. On Sundays, when there is often military music in the park, the fountains play, the unequalled display being witnessed by hundreds who have come out from the city or near-by suburbs.

A trip to the smaller palace at Oranienbaum may be included in the same day's excursion, returning to Petersburg direct. The park encloses several attractive and fanciful villas, built by the Empresses Elizabeth and Catherine, and Peter III. The route by carriage or train from Petersburg to Peterhof and Oranienbaum passes a succession of beautiful dachi, or Summer homes, as well as the Convent of St. Sergius and the Chateau at Strelna.

The boats for Peterhof leave opposite No. 8 Line, Vassily Ostrov, and pass out the Neva to the Gulf of Finland, from which there is a comprehensive view of the shore and its many sights. Sailings are frequent. Time of trip, about an hour. Fare, 60k.

The landing is at the Merchant Port. Cab from the landing in the lower park to the town, 30k. About Rs.1.25 insures an hour's drive in the Park. Permits to enter are obtained at the office of the Chateau. The palace may be seen, when the family is not in residence, by feeing a domestic. Cameras are not permitted except on special authority. This rule applies to all royal estates.

The Peterhof boats continue a short distance to Oranienbaum. From there there is boat connection for Kronstadt, a half hour away. Fare, 15k.

Trains leave the Baltic Station, Petersburg, for Peterhof and Oranienbaum every half hour. Time, one hour to Peterhof. First-class, 60k. Oranienbaum, one and a half hours. Fare, 83k.

The two stations at Peterhof are both about a half-hour from the park.

The drive out the coast road to Peterhof with two horses consumes about three hours. Round trip fare, 10-12 rubles.

Krasnoe-Selo and Gatshina.

Near the delightful village of Krasnoe-Selo (Selo meaning village), is the Summer military camp. In the centre of the field is Duderhof Hill, the only rise of any height in the neighbourhood of Petersburg. About two hours' drive from the station is the imperial farm, the house being in the form of a great izba, or peasant's cottage.

On the Black and White Lake, beyond Krasnoe-Selo, is the attractive town of Gatshina. Not far from the station is the summer home of the Dowager Empress Marie, widow of Alexander III, mother of Tsar Nicholas, and sister to the Dowager Queen of England. Scattered among the parks and woods of these outlying towns are hundreds of pretty houses and terraced lawns.

Krasnoe-Selo is about three-quarters of an hour by rail from the Baltic Station at Petersburg; Gatshina is reached by lines from both the Baltic and the Warsaw Stations. Time, about an hour and a half. Fares, first-class, 55k. and 98k. respectively.

Tsarskoe-Selo and Pavlovsk.

It is said that the park at Tsarskoe-Selo ("The Tsar's Village") is the most scrupulously tended of all parks, royal or otherwise.

The tourist will not be long in Russia before the impression is forced upon him that its sights require an exaggeration of superlatives. Under absolute monarchism, herculean efforts and exorbitant expenditure are inspired by imperial whims and vanities. The revenues of the Crown from mines and millions of timbered acres, are so stupendous that one hundred and thirty-eight palaces are maintained, whereas other sovereigns

than the Tsar must content themselves with a modest half dozen.

The Russian Crœsus demands the best, the most, the largest, the fastest, the most extravagant of material things. Potëmkine served bowls of pearls to his dinner guests, and sugared the highway in Summer for the sledge ride of fanciful Catherine. The country is so great, so wide, its resources are so incalculably many, though even yet only scantily developed, that the spirit of spacious liberality is in all that concerns the well-dowered Russian.

This digression anent superlatives is actuated by the extravagant order of the Tsarskoe-Selo Park. A fallen leaf is an offence, even the ripple of a pool is regarded dubiously by the keepers, lest it should grow to a wavelet and splash the immaculate pebbles of the bordering path. Hundreds of workmen spend the Summer days snipping, pruning, scraping until the very tree trunks shine, and the turf lies across lawns and hillocks with the smoothness of a Kouba carpet. The Park is lavishly ornamented with arches, columns, grottos, and fountains, a Chinese village, a theatre, and graceful bridges.

The green and white palace was erected, like the original Winter Palace, the Anitchkov and

the Stroganov Palaces, on the plans of the architect Rastrelli, and contains furnishings, pictures, and decorations of great elegance. A servant will conduct visitors through the salons and galleries.

The Alexander Palace near by is the favourite summer retreat of the Empress Alexandra and her five children.

If one goes to Tsarskoe-Selo in the afternoon, he may dine in the evening at the Vauxhall restaurant, Pavlovsk, about three and a half miles further on. This restaurant beside the station is renowned for its excellent concerts, for which there is no additional charge.

The chateau of the Grand Duke Constantine is in an exquisite park in the near vicinity. Pavlovsk (pertaining to Paul) was once the property of Tsar Paul, son of Catherine the Great. The grounds contain a profusion of pavilions, memorials, statues, and beautiful groupings of trees and water. It can hardly be surpassed as a perfect expression of the landscape gardener's art.

From the Tsarskoe-Selo Station, Petersburg, trains leave for Tsarskoe-Selo and Pavlovsk nearly every hour, taking about a half-hour for the trip. Fares, first-class, 95k. and Rs.1.10 respectively.

Two fast expresses, having sleeping-cars attached, leave

the Nicholas Station, Petersburg, every night for Moscow, eleven hours away. Distance, four hundred miles.

About seventy-five miles south of Petersburg is Tschudovo, where the line branches to Novgorod, eight hours distant from Petersburg. Upon leaving Novgorod, the traveller may continue to Staraïa-Roussa, and either go west to Pskov and on to the German frontier, or return to the trunk line at Bologoe, which is half way to Moscow from Petersburg. Or he can retrace his steps by way of Tschudovo, proceeding thence to Petersburg or Moscow.

Novgorod.

Time was when the inhabitants of Novgorod boasted, "Who can resist the gods and Novgorod the Great?" But the ages have conquered the proud monarch of Russian cities, which once had four hundred thousand population. It was in the "New City" that the viking, Rurik, administered the first formal government of the nation. From a settlement on the Volkhov, it grew to an independent republic. Its commerce extended from the Volga to the Baltic. But its power declined after Kiev became the capital. Ivan III undertook and Ivan IV completed its subjugation. The one thousandth anniversary of the founding, not only of the city, but of the Russian Empire, was celebrated in 1862 by the dedication of a monument to Rurik.

The atmosphere of the streets reflects antiquity and former lordliness. Of all the edifices, the

Cathedral of St. Sophia is the most notable. On its cupolas, there is no crescent beneath the cross, which signifies that the Tatars never succeeded in entering the city. This distinction exists in Russia. The municipalities re-conquered from the Mongols bear the emblem of former Asiatic supremacy, surmounted now by the victorious cross. The Cathedral was built first of wood in 989, and then in stone, 1045-1052, by architects from the Hellenes. The intricately sculptured bronze doors lead to a straight high interior, lighted by a lofty dome, under which the treasures are seen dimly.

The altars of the six chapels are decorated with Byzantine glass mosaic. There are gilded wood thrones for Tsar and Metroplitan, and many precious antiquities, but the treasure of treasures is the miracle ikon of the Mother of God, mounted on the screen. This painting is the oldest representation of the Virgin in Russia. It is copied and worshipped from one end of the realm to the other. The canvas is cracked and the likeness crude anatomically, but the picture is dressed in gems and shrouded in gold. The Novgorodians attest that their Mater Dolorosa wept veritable tears when the city suffered.

In the court of the church is a tower almost five

hundred years old, and behind it, a Museum of Antiquities, well worth seeing. The Consistory and the Bishops' Palace complete the group of Kremlin buildings. Across the bridge, from which there is a characteristic view of the Lake Ilmen and a monastery built in 1030, are the shops, a ruined tower, schools, old fortifications, and other churches.

Staraïa-Roussa, and Pskov.

This city, the name of which, "Old Roussa," indicates its antiquity, is four hours south of Novgorod, not far from the foot of Lake Ilmen. Its foundations were laid in the earlier centuries of our era. It has nineteen churches and convents, and an imperial palace. It is chiefly visited now-a-days by archæologists and patrons of the salt baths, which Catherine II developed. Staraïa-Roussa stands half way between Pskov on the west and Bologoe on the east.

Pskov is nearly as old as Novgorod and possesses a similar history, and archaic monuments. There is a private collection of remarkable antiques in this exceedingly ancient town. Eight miles from Pskov is the birth-place of Olga, who became the wife of Igor, Prince of Kiev; she, of all the Russian kingdom, first espoused the Christian re-

ligion. The Cathedral of the Trinity, said to be on the site of a church built by St. Olga in the year she became a convert, is in the Pskov Kremlin and is a noble edifice associated with much of the early history of this part of Great Russia. The city lies on the banks of two small rivers at the foot of the Peipus Sea.

The railways from Riga to Bologoe and from the frontier of Germany to Petersburg cross at Pskov. Bologoe is two hundred and ten miles to the east, or about twelve hours by slow train. Part of the way is among the Valdai Hills, where the Duna, the Dniepr and the Volga have their beginning.

Due east of Bologoe, beyond the St. Petersburg-Moscow line, is Rybinsk, nine hours by train. Passengers who wish to begin the Volga trip near the head of navigation may continue to Rybinsk. Those who join the line for Moscow will pass through Tver, which is half way between Bologoe and Moscow.

Tver.

At Tver, navigation on the Volga begins, but frequently in Summer the river is so low that the boat service is not dependable. Industrially, Tver is famous for the fabrication of cottons. Its birth dates back to 1181, placing it among the oldest of Russian communities.

On the banks of the Volga and along the railway, the plain landscape is varied by the towers and gables of many convents. Occasionally, the

Brothers, or, if it is one of the two hundred convents for women, the Sisters can be seen walking under the trees.

When the depth of the water permits, the boats leave every day for Rybinsk. The trip of over a day and a night through monotonous country, costs Rs.6.00, first-class, and Rs.4.80, second, including cabin, but not including linen or meals.

Three hours after leaving Tver, the express enters the Nicholas Station, Moscow.

CHAPTER VII

MOSCOW AND THE TROÏTSA MONASTERY

* * *

Moscow.

We name Moscow "The Indescribable," and forthwith, bewitched by her spell, essay to describe her. We bombard the Kremlin with adjectives, assail the view from the Moskvaretsky Bridge with an artillery of enthusiasms, array our forces to recount the street life and details of ecclesiastic processions, we lay siege to her charms and scale the citadel of her fascinations, but in the end we desist through lack of ammunition. History, mood, fable, and caprice unite to baffle us. Moscow remains the Indescribable.

And yet, it is the most material of cities: Religious devotion is measured by depth of genuflection and richness of gifts; sins are expiated by fulfilling the exactions of the liturgy; no brocade is too heavy for the robes of the clergy; the shops of the Petrovka and the Kuznetzky Most radiate expensiveness and fashion; the public buildings

are spacious and handsome; the hotels are luxurious, the entertainments at Yar, the Hermitage, and Strelna costly and often boisterous.

But the spirit of Mother Moscow broods over all. You hear the pilgrims singing in the moonlit street, banner in one hand, staff in the other; you witness the fervid kissing of the miracle ikon at the side-walk shrine; you watch the bartering of tangled races, speaking strange tongues; you brush against priests with long beards, long hair and still longer robes; you climb to the workshops of lapidaries cutting Asiatic stones; you handle dim parchments writ in Old Slavonic; you smile at bloused and booted Stepka, come in from the provinces with wide-eyed Masha; you stare at the high fur bonnets of the Cossack and the brown kaftan of the merchant; you dismiss a "baba" who would sell you sunflower seeds; you pity the group who have lost, or neglected, or falsified their passports and, in consequence, are marched through the streets to police headquarters; you delve in queer markets for brasses and yellowing books; in the traktir you are served by a Tatar to rák, and srázis, and chái; you drive behind a padded Great Russian, and catch beyond his blue shoulder the hint of a crenellated tower against a reddening sky; and wherever you turn, there

are flighty domes, flattened bulbs, and the two-armed cross of Byzantium, hung with filigree chains.

The Church of St. Basil, completed in 1557, is an excellent landmark for the guidance of new-comers. Once seen, it cannot be forgotten, and, as it stands at one end of the Red Square, which divides the Kremlin Quarter from the commercial city, and is in the centre of the sight-seers' Moscow, it will be useful to remember it.

Polite narrators say the Tatar edifice is "quaint," "unusual," "interesting." It is, in truth, interesting to observe the lengths to which architectural imagination can go. Sundry legends disagree as to the responsibility for its construction; some accuse the Italians, others, the Germans, and still others foist it upon the Russians themselves. It is decorated in a manner as variegated as it is flagrant. Instead of the usual bulbous cupolas, it is crowned by a series of towers cut in zigzag relief, in diamonds, in spirals, and desquamated scales, painted in raw colours, crudely laid on, inharmonious and clashing.

The supporting tambours and domes occupy in height two tiers of the edifice. The outlines of the building itself disappear under its ornamental

MOSCOW.

details. There are eleven chapels adjoined and juxtaposed, each topped by a dome, and linked within by low corridors, which are, in turn, painted in swirls of primal colours. The way to the interior is by a crumbling perron through doors now rarely opened except to the curious. In the basement across a stone court from the street, are several chapels smelling heavily of incense.

An honest guide will say the style is more uncouth than beautiful or "quaint." "Unusual" it certainly is. There never has been, and never will be another like it.

On the Square before the Cathedral is the forum where ukases and proclamations are announced to the populace. And further on, down one side of the Krasnaïa Plotschad, or Red Square, extends the quite modern Gallery of Commerce, the most enormous of its kind, if one excepts the Central Building of the Nizhni Novgorod fair. It is built in a series of arcades and contains an endless number of stalls and shops for the sale of enamels and mosaics, of papier maché, which simulates enamel, of lapis lazuli ornaments and Circassian jewellery, of big ikoni for chapel altars and little ones to be worn on a chain, of military decorations, and woolens, and shoes.

The Nikolskaïa (Street of Nicholas), on which this great bazaar fronts, leads out of the Square behind the statue to Minine, the cattle dealer of Nizhni, and the patriot Pojarsky, who delivered Moscow from the Poles in 1612. This thoroughfare contains several stores, some highly-coloured church buildings, a Greek convent, and a chapel which is always crowded with those who believe in the powers of its wonder-ikon.

In the Nikolskaïa is a pale green building incrusted with white stucco ornamentation. From its almost frivolous exterior, no one would guess that here was the oldest printing establishment of Russia. To-day, the placid hum and rumble of linotypes and presses say little or nothing of the tempestuous scenes which attended the founding of the Typography of Holy-Synod.

Ivan the Terrible, who was progressive and clever as well as crafty and cruel, had news of the new printing art, which the Italians had learned and were practising in Venice. He made investigations looking to the establishment of a printing press in Moscow, but was opposed by those who feared the decay of the art of hand printing. Encouraged by his sovereign's interest, a deacon of the Kremlin, Ivan Feodorov, who was very scholarly and knew much of ecclasiastical

literature, undertook to learn how to set up the Evangels, the Psalms, the Acts of Apostles in type. In Lithuania, then a part of Poland, there had previously been a printery. To his aid Deacon Ivan called one Peter Mstislavez, who had already acquired the coveted knowledge. The monks and artisans, who depended upon the writing and illumination of churchly Parchments for their occupation and livelihood, arose and clamoured loudly against the intrusion of the mystic trade. But the Metropolitan Makary gave his sanction and protection to the efforts of the Russian and his confrère, the Lithuanian. With both Church and State upon their side, the two set up a press in a building on the site of the present print-shop, and prepared, with many doubts and much labour, to issue a copy of the Acts of the Apostles. Before the work was complete, their patron, Makary, died. His influence removed, the populace again beat upon the doors of the humble shop, and threatened to destroy the promoters of the Black Art. But the printers kept on steadfastly until one day, April nineteenth, 1563, they laid in the hands of the Tsar a completed book made after the manner of the Italian tomes of which Ivan had heard.

With the art fairly established and their trade

definitely threatened, the people cried even louder against the wizards who had supplanted type for quills, and rollers for brass ink-pots. More — they so seriously vowed to kill them, that Feodorov and Mstislavez fled from Moscow to the typography in Lithuania, where men were less jealous of an antiquated craft. Feodorov never dared to return to his own country and died in Lithuania, an exile because of premature zeal, a martyr to the ignorance of men whose descendants raised in his memory a recent statue on a square near the locale of his labours.

When the Poles entered Moscow, they burned the printers' shop, but in the next century it was restored, and has since been remodelled. It is still almost exclusively given to the production of books relating to the Church.

Across a rear court, a roofed and very quaint stairway ascends to a door which a tall man must stoop to enter. It opens into a corridor, arched and frescoed in the fashion of the middle ages. On the left is a library, which contains the fateful book which brought about Feodorov's flight. There is also the model of his first press, and the press which Peter the Great sometimes carried on his expeditions to many lands. Among the original manuscripts of authors whose volumes were pub-

lished in the old shop is one by Peter, an account in his own hand of a battle near Kalish, Poland.

In tolerant memory of the monks who would have killed the first Russian typographer, there are some precious sheets written in remote monasteries. A Book of Service for September, dated 1095, approaches the Ostromir in antiquity. All the parchments are inscribed in Old Slavonic, the language of the Church, which is understood by only the celebrants of the service and educated laymen. A book of ecclesiastical tales of the fourteenth century is gaudily illustrated in water colours by a Brother who had evidently more ardor than talent.

Every day, an old scholar sits here in the mediæval chamber, and copies in a punctilious hand from the faint pages of treatises on the Scriptures. He is compiling a commentary on the Psalms, and has the privilege of resorting to these manuscripts of inestimable value, because he has himself given to the library-museum a number of rare examples of a vanished art. The light beams through dormer windows on his aureole of snow-white hair. He wears a long beard which falls to his brown, loosely-belted smock. On his bare feet are sandals. The arched ceiling curves low to leaded casements; the signs of the Zodiac and fanciful arabesques are painted on the walls. In

the midst of Ancient Muscovy, the old student, making his careful annotations, is the embodiment of the days the monks were loth to have disappear.

Almost next door to the Typography is the most distinctively Russian hotel in Moscow, "The Slav Bazaar." Much of the city's winter gaiety centres in this rambling caravansary, and its lofty salle à manger is the rendezvous of bankers and merchants for the mid-day meal. The zakuska buffet is at one end under a great canvas by Repine. A fountain makes music in the centre of the dining hall. Live fish splash in the pool, unheeding the doom that awaits them. . . . Let a guest hint at sudak or sterliad — a net is craftily dipped into the finny haunts, and off to the cook goes one of the colony, floundering and rebellious. By the time the dictator of piscatorial fortunes has partaken of zakuska and soup, the waiter has returned with the victim upon a silver platter, conquered and choicely fried.

If you ask the privilege, you may see, on an upper floor, the ball and assembly room, which is to Moscow fashion what the ball-rooms of the Plaza and the Savoy are to New York and London. The ceiling, walls, and chairs are hand-carved with delicacy and minuteness. The colours employed in painting the wood work are frank

reds, greens, blues, and yellows, completing a decorative barbarism which is thoroughly effective. Portraits of Pushkine, Gogol, Prince Galitzine, and other notabilities circle the wall. Under one painting, the brass name plate has been removed, because, explains the head waiter, this was an author "who had written bad things of Russia."

The eyes of the Great gaze from their frames sadly, reflectively or tenderly upon the dancers who, night after night, perform their vows to Terpsichore here, under the winking candelabra. Nor do they close after the electric candles are snuffed, and troops of weary guests descend to their karetas, attended by men-servants of the hostelry, who wear peacock feathers about their caps.

Returning to the Red Square, the Sunday Gate is to the right. Against its farther wall and between two arches stands the chapel of the Iberian Virgin. The crowd of the Faithful often extends to the pavement before the tiny shrine. Dusty pilgrims from far-off provinces lay down their ragged bundles and tea-kettles, and enter to kneel before the wonder-working picture, which flames with gold, pearls, and brilliants. Shop keepers, maids coming from market, an officer in full accoutrement, a shabby curé, a lady descended

from her limousine make the poklon, and repeatedly bow to the floor in common humility. If the Virgin drives away, like the Bambino of Rome, in her own carriage with bare-headed servants, to pay a visit to the ailing, she leaves a substitute, which does not deceive her devotees who know well that the Virgin of Mount Athos bears the mark of a Tatar ball on her cheek. The praying, crossing, bending is uninterrupted from day-break to dark. The odour of poverty, of incense, and flowers on the altar is overcoming.

A young woman, whose features express no emotion, stands beside a barbate priest who exorcises her sins according to the rite prescribed in a volume with silver-gilt covers. Sometimes he hurries the words, as if impatient of the formality. The penitent frequently touches her forehead and breast with thumb and forefingers, gazing immobilely at the candle-lighted shrine, her lips moving in proper response to the prayers of her confessor. Her face is pale and fixed. When the petitions are all said, she kneels for a mumbled benediction, and turns to kiss the glass which covers the ikon. Her way to the door is impeded by a press of old and young. At the exit, she buys a cheap reproduction of the adored picture, from the ikon-seller He hands her some kopeks

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

in change for a ruble; she pushes them back to him across the counter. He wears a greasy black robe, is thin and unshaven. He looks gratefully after her as she takes up a hand-bag and goes down the worn steps. Perhaps she is leaving Moscow or has returned after an absence. At any rate, she has fulfilled the obligation of every Orthodox traveller in Moscow by paying homage before or after a journey at the Chapel of the Iberian Virgin.

The Tsar upon arriving in Moscow comes here first to pray before entering the adjacent Kremlin by the Redeemer Gate. This tower, in doubtful Gothic taste, made famous by siege and fable, is the Porta Sacra of the Slavs. A lamp swung by heavy chains illumines the faded painting of the "Redeemer of Smolensk," brought to Moscow by Peter the Great's father. His command that no male — Jew, Pagan or Christian — should pass beneath it without uncovering is rigidly observed. Over ten thousand persons pause to worship here daily, under the minarets and bartizans of the Kremlin wall, over-looking the barren square.

Having mounted to the Chateau-Fortress, we have reached the hearthstone of "the Ancient Ancestor." Here one senses the vibrating of the

Russian heart. One is over-powered by tradition and walks reverently. "Above Moscow there is nothing but the Kreml, above the Kreml, nothing but the sky." The Kremlin is the essence of all that Russia loves most. Within its fortifications, the symbol of the Khans was crushed under foot. Successive Tsars have crossed its historic plazas in the robes of baptism, coronation, marriage, and burial.

It is not a sombre fortress like the Tower of London: it has grace and light and the aroma of adventurous years. The Imperial Quarter comprises four or five squares, two palaces, the seat of the Military Governor, a Museum, a Treasury, several monuments, three cathedrals, many churches and chapels, three convents, a barracks, an arsenal and a Palace of Justice.

On the parade is the Convent of the Ascension, which is a sepulchre for many noblewomen. On the upper floor of the Church of St. Michael is the revered Kazan Virgin. Alexander II was born in the adjoining palace, too intimate to be visited. Across the open space is his monument, shrined in a pavilion above the Moskva, the Tiber of Moscow, torpid and unlovely, but crossed by bridges from which the silhouette of the fortress is beyond words beautiful, rare, and strange.

Many royal children have been baptised in the Tschoudov Convent for men, beside the Little Palace. It is the richest religious establishment in Moscow. Opposite it is the Tsar Cannon, which can shoot balls over a yard in diameter.

In Russia, the bell towers stand apart from the churches whose services are announced by sounding the bell clappers in certain rotation against the ringing sides. The bells of Russia are a tradition. Their heavy booming resounds from spires which tremble under the war of vibrations. Since 1660, the thirty-one great bells which form the chime of Ivan-Veliki have proclaimed the coronations and weddings celebrated in the cathedrals behind it. It is the King of Bell Towers as the bronze kolokol at its foot is the Queen of Bells. The view of Moscow from Great Ivan rewards the climb of nearly two hundred and fifty steps. On the second landing is the Treasury of the Patriarchs, displaying pastoral crosses, penagias, mitres of all epochs (among them, that of St. Cyril, 434 A. D.), sacerdotal headgear, imperial funeral sheets, evangels, sacred vases, and ecclesiastical table services.

An iron grill gives entrance to the Cathedral Square, the sanctuary of the Kremlin. Inside the high Italian walls of the Cathedral of the Arch-

angel Michael repose the Ruriks and Romanovs who ruled before Peter the Great, together with his grandson, Peter II. The sarcophagi of Ivan the Terrible, of Dmitri of the Don, and of the last Rurik are the most interesting, historically. The latter was also named Dmitri, is called a martyr and is worshipped as such by the Church.

Nine domes embellish the square, elancé Cathedral of the Annunciation. Under its arched façades have passed all the imperial grooms and brides since the Dmitris and Ivans. Napoleon's horses were stabled here before the burning of Moscow. The frescoes of martyrs, apostles, patriarchs and prophets are dulled and, sometimes, grotesque. The little church has the faded appeal of a flower among musty leaves. It exhales memories of the Maries, Natalias, Marfas and Alexandras who have spoken their vows here under swinging altar lamps, some of them new converts to the Church, others, reluctant Brides of the Empire, all wearing the kokochnik, or pearl diadem, and the sarafane of state.

A military mass in the Uspensky Sobor (Cathedral of the Assumption), where the Tsars are crowned, is a spectacle, superb, unforgettable. Painted saints encircle the pillars, the walls glow with colour, the chapels are hazy with smoke of

many tapers. A mysterious half-day broods, except where an oblique bar of sunlight falls from a high window. But a brilliant is whitest when held in shadow, and the splendour of the choir, the heavy silver tombs, the tremulous gems of the Vladimir Virgin, gain beauty in the gloom.

It is the birthday of the Tsaritsa. In the main aisle of the little cathedral are officials of the army, province, and municipality, brilliantly uniformed. Since eight o'clock, common-folk have stood outside awaiting admittance. Now they are crowded against the walls and down the side aisles, a throng more curious than worshipful. The Mass, which lasts from nine o'clock until noon, is at its height. The High Priest in cloth of gold, wearing a mitre set with emeralds and bearing a jewelled cross, moves down the steps from the chancel to the central nave in the wake of the Archbishop and the Metropolitan of Moscow, whose chasubles are heavily embroidered in seed pearls; their mitres have, on each of the rounded sides, great single stones which glisten like eyes.

The high dignitaries mount a platform and face the altar. Below them stand lesser priests in pale-coloured brocades, and kamilaukhioni of black or purple. Still others are dressed in more severe cassocks and are bare-headed. One of the lat-

ter begins to intone in a voice of a timbre to distract with envy an operatic basso-profundo. He ascends the scale in semi-tones, dwelling on each to repeat a sonorous phrase. His great chest expands, his head, covered by long, waving black hair, is raised, the volume of the noble voice increases. He sings unaccompanied by an instrument and quite alone. His heroic organ rolls forth in the dramatic accents of the Old Slavonic. The effect is tremendous. Up and up he mounts to the higher registers. At last, with chin lifted and eyes on the glimmering ikonastas, he reiterates the final ringing sentence.

The choir of men and boys renew the chant; their flawless voices range from swelling crescendo to suppressed pianissimo. Their tones declaim and glorify. One of the little chaps in scarlet surplice sings an obligato to the three-part chorus; against the tonal background floats his high bird-note. The singing ends. . . The Archbishop and the Metropolitan stand in immovable repose. Sub-priests draw near to remove the golden mitres. Another takes his place before them and holds a volume spread open upon his chest, a living lectern. First one reads from the book, then the other. Their speaking voices have the basso quality of the Black Priest who in-

toned. The mitres are replaced, the cortége forms again, and returns to the altar. The Metropolitan, the Archbishop and the High Priest go through the Royal Doors to the Sanctuary. The deacons, popes and priests retire by the doors at either side. The choir chants again . . . "God have pity!" they beseech. At last — the benediction, while the assemblage bows and crosses as one man. The High Priest returns. He has put off his festival robes and the tunic of white China crêpe for the vestments of every-day service, which are made of red, blue, and silver, and veil under-robes of silk. In place of the mitre, he wears a tall coiffure, draped in black. In the aisle the pastor receives the homage of his congregation. He makes the cross-sign above each head as it bends over his hand. His lips move constantly in blessing. Occasionally he stoops to hear the request of a Mother in Israel, or to accept the kiss of a wee child, reaching from its sister's arms. His face is wearied, but his white fingers unceasingly sign the cross, first to the forehead and then to the breast. His lips are never still. . . . The last votary makes his obeisance. Two deacons lift the shimmering garment from the thin shoulders of their superior. A footman enters from

the waiting coupé with the black street robes of the head of the Cathedral. The High Priest puts them on, and takes up his long staff of office. He strides with a certain majesty to the doors, enters the carriage, and pulls down the silk window curtain. The coal black horses move through an alley of still lingering devotees. In leaving the little square, they pass near the Red Staircase of Russian history, by which the Tsars descend from the "Sacred Vestibule" to be anointed with holy oil.

Gratuitous permits to enter the Grand Palace of past and present rulers are granted at the office of the Kremlin Police Chief, back of the Palace. A guide conducts groups of sight-seers at intervals.

The golden Hall of St. George is reached by a granite stairway. It is one of the largest and most beautiful of all kingly apartments. To Anglo-Saxons the statement may be surprising that the Russians were the first to show the symbol of St. George and the Dragon on a coat-of-arms. "St. George the Triumphant" appeared first upon the arms of Moscow and was later, in 1472, incorporated with the two-headed eagle and the cross by Grand Duke Ivan III, as the arms of all Russia. The most treasured decoration for

VLADIMIR, MÉTROPOLITAN OF MOSCOW

military heroism is named The Medal of St. George. It is given to the most courageous, whether he be private or general.

There are many other stately salons in the great Residence. From a window near the Throne Room, one can see in the court the first of the five hundred Moscow churches, the "Saviour in the Forest." This part of the Kremlin was once heavily wooded. A large portion of the Palace was burned in 1812. The rooms are shown where Napoleon lived during his occupancy of Moscow.

The Granovitaïa Palata, in a corner of the Palace, receives the Emperor returning from the coronation to the Princes' Banquet. At the feast the shelves of a central pillar are filled with gold plate. Frescoes from Old Testament scenes are on the walls. The floor covering is a remarkable carpet, a mosaic in cloth of applied colours. Above is a balcony from which the Tsaritsa and her ladies look down on the ceremony in the old-world room.

In a wing of the Palace are the fascinating apartments of the Terem, where the mothers of future Emperors used to live in the intimacy of family life. The rooms, small, low, with sloping ceilings, decorated in the early seventeenth century manner of the Russians, are furnished throughout the

five retreating stories with carved and gilded beds, tables, mirrors, chests, and chairs of the period. The balconies outside the windows of the upper floors sweep the river and the town.

The stairway of the Terem overlooks the Church of the Saviour Behind the Grill of Gold, the private sanctuary of the Tsars. It is topped by twelve clustered columns terminating in gilt spires, an effect more odd than artistic.

A long wing of the Grand Palace contains the Armory and the Treasury. The former presents an exhibition of Russian, Polish, Circassian, German, and English arms. The Treasury is the chronicle in precious gems and metals of the Empire's story. Diadems, thrones, state robes, chariots, orbs, embroideries, royal costumes and imperial gifts recall gorgeous spectacles interwoven with the nation's existence. They are on view from ten o'clock until twelve, three times a week.

The Synod, enclosing the Church of the Twelve Apostles, abuts the Kremlin barracks. In the House of the Patriarchs, the Holy Chrysm is distilled in silver vessels for the anointing of the Church. As the sacred blend of oil and spices filters into the consecrated basins, each drop is

blessed by the attendant bishops. The ceremony takes place once in two years.

Of the five exits from the Kremlin triangle, the Trinity Gate leads directly into the much frequented Alexander Garden, which falls in terraces planted with lime-trees to the street called Mokhovaïa. The Nicholas Gate is on the opposite side of the Senate Place. Crossing to it, one passes the bronze memorial which has been raised on the spot where Grand Duke Sergius, Governor of Moscow, was killed as he was driving from his palace to the Red Square. Since the Grand Duke's death his widow, Grand Duchess Elizabeth, elder sister of the Empress, has founded an order of deaconesses called the Society of Mary and Martha (Marthino-Mariinskaïa Obschina) at Ordinka, in that part of Moscow which lies across the river from the Kremlin. She herself wears the white robes of the order, and directs the ministrations of the sisters among the sick and poor of Moscow.

Making the tour of the Kremlin wall, the Redeemer Gate is the next beyond the Nicholas Gate. Facing the river is the Gate of the Secret Tower, for pedestrians only. At the further corner, near the Armory Museum, stands the Borovitsky Gate through which Napoleon entered and,

later, fled. This is of Tatar design, having four square stories narrowing toward the pinnacle, with an octagonal spire. On the cream-tinted walls of the fortress are twenty-one towers, round, angular, ornate, and plain. With a background of blue, green and red roofs, and gold and silver spires of the churches and convents within the battlements, they complete a magical picture.

The first Romanov was born in the house of this name in the Varvarka, a street not far from the Church of St. Basil. Those who inspect it will carry away a very adequate idea of how the boyars, or noblemen, lived at that period, about the end of the sixteenth century. The rooms have been restored to their original semblance, and contain many relics of old Russia, an epoch expressed in paintings by Makovsky, Perov, and Lébédev. A servant-guide is on the premises three times a week.

The Riding Academy on the other side of the Kremlin below the Alexander Garden, is the largest structure built without pillars. For many years it has been to Moscow the Olympia or the Madison Square Garden of the city. Frequent cavalry manœuvres take place here. Across the Makhovaïa are the more modern buildings of the first university to be built in Russia proper. The first

buildings, to the north, were erected about 1760 in the reign of Empress Elizabeth. About nine thousand students attend the various schools of this institution, which, with that of St. Petersburg, is the most important in the Empire.

The Roumiantsov Museum is an impressive building which commands a rise of ground beyond the University. Its collections were left by a patriotic Count to the State, and include a series of two hundred figures dressed in costumes of nearly every district of Russia. There is also a library of seven hundred thousand volumes, and some good pictures, Flemish and modern, including fine Russian canvases.

Artists and architects avow that, technically, the most beautiful church in Russia is that of the Saviour, which is Moscow's thank offering for delivery from the French. It stands quite apart in a green square, and, though not on a height, is so placed that its white and gold majesty seems enthroned. It was completed in 1883 at an expense of Rs.14,000,000. The friezes on the outer walls, the twelve bronze doors and the massive steps prepare one in part for the splendour inside. But it would be difficult to conceive, before entering, what exquisite effects had been obtained by contrasting white, red, and grey marbles with

gold, and gilded bronze. The four arms of the Greek cross and the dome are decorated by paintings by some of the greatest Russian artists. The rounding of the angles, as in Byzantine churches at Constantinople, adds to the immensity of the auditorium. As in all Orthodox churches, there are no seats and no organ. The congregation stands, the lowly with the proud, throughout the service. Most of the ikoni are without metal coverings, and the entire impression is less Russian than Italian. The corridor which circles the sanctuary behind the white ikonastas, is lined by nearly two hundred marble tablets recording the names of battles in the war with Napoleon, together with those of officers and men who fell. At the door of the consecrated chamber behind the altar, the guide gently indicates the rule of Holy Church that no woman's foot shall cross the threshold. The men of the party step consciously in and examine the treasures, while their wives and companions, classed in the dogma as "unclean," wait outside in the corridor.

This apparent disparagement of the sex does not extend in Russia beyond the Church, and, indeed, a pope cannot hold a cure until he marries, and must either enter a monastery or leave the ministry if his wife dies. Only the Black Priests are

celibates. Woman in Russia is more emancipated than most of her sisters abroad. Many practise medicine, dentistry, civil engineering, and the law, and in all walks but the lowest, women are considered on a plane with men.

The Convent of the Virgins (Novo Dievichy) where many women of the imperial family have taken the veil, repays a rather fatiguing trip, to the southwest of the city. The quiet sojourn is refreshing among churches and chapels shut in by white walls, dentellated and broken by arches and gateways. Towers and spires surround the shady cemetery which is the Field of Repose for many noble ladies. Nuns walk down the paths in short black skirts quaintly cut, with pointed basques and high head-dresses of black velvet. This retreat was established by Vassily, son of Ivan III, in 1524. The Donskoï the Siminov and other convents are patterned after it. Peter the Great relegated his sister Sophia to this refuge, and, opposite her cell, hung three hundred of the Streltsi in her presence and his. The Streltsi were a regiment of noblemen who revolted against his reforms and paid the penalty with their lives. Sophia had also opposed her brother, and was consequently disciplined.

On the opposite side of the city is the "An-

cestor of Russian Convents," paradoxically called, "The New Convent of the Saviour." It had its beginning in the Kremlin in 1328, and has been on the bank of the Moskva since 1462. During the French occupation its churches were used as barracks and stalls.

A half hour's walk beyond the Convent of the Virgins will bring the pedestrian to the Sparrow Hills, from which Napoleon looked upon burning Moscow. A drosky drive from the Red Square will cost about three rubles for the round fare. On the crest is a restaurant where one can have rather expensive tea. The view par excellence is at sunset when the Gilded Phantasy called Moscow is most resplendent. The river twists in three great U's. The Hills directly overlook the central one. The city, several miles distant, appears like a mirage in the desert, a fabrication of the brain, as seemingly unreal as Bagdad or Ispahan.

Superlatives must once more be employed to describe the mammoth hospice known as the Foundling Asylum. The one in St. Petersburg is enormous, but these unending white buildings lying along the river bank exceed in size and scope any similar institution. Down miles of corridors the nurses hurry to their charges whose voices, lifted in protest against life, carry to the approaching

SPAASKI GATE KREMLIN, MOSCOW; THE MOST HOLY GATE OF THE KREMLIN

visitor. In successive great rooms, as big and bare as barracks, are regiments of cribs, and the poor little warriors who must fight their fight against unfair odds. The nurses, many of them young mothers, wear tiaras of blue lawn and bright red dresses laced over white bodices, with black slippers and white stockings. Nine hundred of these women care for five thousand babies a year, about fifteen hundred infants being in the Asylum at one time. When a foundling is a few weeks old, if it is a well baby it is taken to the country by a foster-mother, who is paid by the Government for its up-bringing. The children who have survived the appalling conditions which result in the death of over one-fourth of the babies of Russia from birth to five years of age, are returned to the Orphanage for a practical education in the schools, which have thirty-six divisions. Some of the girls graduate to the Imperial Ballet, others go out as teachers, and the boys become artisans as a rule, thanks to the excellent manual training the schools afford. The Government playing card monopoly and pawn-shop revenues produce an income of Rs.1,200,000 yearly for the care and teaching of the waifs.

In the old quarter of the Tatars beyond the river, in a building of unusual design, is the most

representative gallery of the Russian School of Art. The collection of over two thousand works is the legacy of Paul and Sergius Tretiakov, who belonged to a family of linen merchants. Aside from a few paintings by French artists, the works are all by Russians, and most of the subjects relate to Russia. The porters at the large hotels have an English catalogue for sale, which is a worthy but very faulty effort at translation. In the entrance hall of the gallery, French catalogues and photographs of the choicest paintings are sold.

If arranged with that end in view, the various scenes exposed in these well-lighted salons would tell a chronological story of boyar and peasant from birth to death, besides chronicling some of the most notable religious and national incidents in the country's history. Here are records of home, village, field and church painted in the intense, direct manner of the Russian School. Even the titles suggest the daily occupations, the simple dramas, and the tragedies of these essentially primitive people. As witness: Sokolov's "Birth in the Field"; Makovsky's "Boys Playing Bones," "Business Interview," "Family Trial in the Police Court," "Blind Beggars," "In the Doctor's Waiting-room"; Perov's stoical "Drowned Woman"; Trontovsky's "Khorovod — a Rus-

sian Dance"; "An Atelier of Ikon Painters," by Madame Polenova; "The Purchased One," "Peasant Girl from Tver Province," "A Local Government Meeting at Dinner Time," "A Woman of Little Russia"; Bogatov's "Interior of a Farm Yard"; "Return from a Village Fair," by Korusuchine; "Church Parade in the Province of Kursk" by Repine; Piranischnikov's "Preparing Ground for Flax Sowing in Vologda Province"; Maximov's Sorceress at a Peasant Wedding" and "A Sick Husband"; Kasatkine's forceful "Who?"; Orlov's "The Dying" and "Paying Taxes"; Feodotor's "At the Shop"; "Haymakers' Dinner," by Morosov; Lébédev's "Boyar Wedding," a masterpiece of colour and portraiture; Vereschagin's "Camp of the Khirghiz" and "The Burlaks"; Bogdanov's cynical "Return from Burial"; Yarochenko's "Prisoners Feeding Pigeons from the Window of a Train."

When one has made the round of such pictures as these, he has read the realistic story of the Russian townsman and farmer. Vassiliev, Shishkine and Levitan interpret the birches, the snows, the melting springs, the marshy plains, the pine forests, the hayfields, the streams, the twilights of their country. Polenov has specialised on sketches of Church and Palace, and has done a vast number

of Palestine studies. Vereschagin has painted the wretchedness and magnificence of Eastern Russia, of India, China, Thibet, Afghanistan and Turkey. The fact that he sank with a Russian battle-ship while making studies of the Russo-Japanese war, adds to the tragic interest of his work.

Nearly a whole room is given to the strange oriental heads of Ivanov, and another to Borisov's frosty scenes of the far north of Russia. Ge's versatility ranges from the portrayal of Bible and historical incidents to landscapes and portraiture. But Elias Repine, in point of versatility, power, and technique is the greatest of them all. There is a copy in this Gallery of the Cossacks writing to the Sultan of Turkey, the original of which is in the Alexander III Museum, Petersburg, and a companion picture equally ribald and brutish. His terrifying exposition of the remorse of Ivan the Terrible over the body of the son he had murdered horrifies and fascinates. His "Return of the Exile" is absorbingly human. In portraiture, he ranks with his countryman, Kramskoï and the best of other nations.

Like the genre painters, the portraitists of this Gallery have been peculiarly loyal to their own. Their work constitutes an assemblage of Rus-

sians who have achieved the most honourable places in law, philosophy, medicine, chemistry, literature, music, art, criticism, architecture, language and the drama. Among many others, Kramskoï painted the poet Nekrassov, the artists Shishkine and Makovsky, the sculptors Antokolsky and Baron Klodt, the writers Melinkov and Griboyédov, the founder Paul Tretiakov, and himself. Repine had among his distinguished sitters the historian Sabeline, the painters Surikov and Ge, the composers Moussorgsky, Rubinstein and Glinka, the surgeon Pirogov, and Tolstoï and the poet Schevchenko, who also sat to Kramskoï. Others have painted Pushkine and Lermontov, Krylov, Nicholas Rubinstein, Dostoïevsky and Turgénev, who with Gogol and Tolstoï are the greatest Russian novelists, the composer Rimsky-Korsakov, the artists Vasnetzov and Repine, and many of the Tsars.

There are two forcible canvases of which women are the central figures. One by Repine represents Sophia, sister of Peter, on the morning of the torturing of her servants and the hanging of the Streltsi. The other shows the defiant face of the noble Morosova on her way to trial at the Kremlin court on a charge of treason for renouncing the Orthodox Church for that of the Old Believers.

The mob about her sledge jeers, pities, threatens and prays for her, as she half rises from her huddled pose and screams back at them in desperation and contempt. After trial, she was deported to Siberia.

The most conspicuous ecclesiastical painter of modern Russia is Victor Vasnetzov. His most cherished works are the wall paintings made for the Cathedral of St. Valdimir, Kiev. In his home, 13, Troitskaïa Ulitza, Moscow, is the original of his beloved Madonna and Child. It hangs in the living-room in a remarkable dwelling built of logs, a glorified izba. Not far away, is the palace of the Metropolitan of Moscow.

In a salon of the Gallery given almost entirely to Vasnetzov, are copies and originals of mural paintings now at Kiev, among them "The Baptism of Russia" and the "Christ in the Dome." His immense canvas, "At the Threshold of Paradise," is above the stairway in the upper central hall. "After the Battle of Igor with the Polovetsky" is a powerful representation of three warriors on horseback. Vasnetzov works in the Byzantine manner, with broad decorative effects and bright colouring. He is one of the most engaging artists of his day. Many of his pictures of Christ, of the Virgin, and of the Saints are

copied by ikon painters, so that his figures are known far outside the realm of Kiev and Moscow.

Baron Klodt's horses, Antokolsky's marbles, Troubetzkoy's Bust of Count Tolstoï, and Beklemichev's "Peasant Lovers" are especially to be remarked among the sculptures. The Tretiakov Gallery is the most humanly interesting, the most appealing, the most characteristic of all art collections. It is an authentic register of life in the most engrossing of countries.

The studio of Jepanechinkov on the Mechanskaïa, Moscow, is the most important in Russia devoted exclusively to the production of ikoni and church decoration. It has the patronage of Russian and Montenegran royalty. The artists and workmen in the employ of Nicolai Jepanechinkov execute commissions for the embellishment of entire church buildings from frescoes to ikonastas, and from carved pillars to the hand-worked backgrounds for life-sized ikoni which have no metal coverings over the face and hands. Besides making original designs, the artists copy, most skilfully, the paintings of Russians, French and Italians. Many of them receive but a few rubles a day though qualified to rank with eminent ecclesiastical painters

Outside of Moscow, there are several villages

whose inhabitants occupy themselves solely with ikon painting. The villages of Holou and Kholoni in Vladimir Government are the largest of these. In most every cottage, there are workers putting in the familiar features of the saints with a facility inherited from generations of ancestors. When they have been retouched and varnished, they are usually, but not always, mounted in metals of varying cost, to satisfy the wish of the future owner to express devotion in material form.

Few go to Russia without taking away an enamelled souvenir. But still fewer know that the father of the present enamel industry was an American, Henry Hiller, known throughout the world of Russian enamel workers as Andreï Andreïvich. Mr. Hiller was the second American to go to Siberia, the first being Perry Collins, then United States Consul on the Amur. For fifty years, Mr. Hiller has been associated with the commerce of Siberian stones, Russian bronzes, and enamel-ware. As the representative of the best-known jewellery house in America, if not in the world, he became interested in the unskilled efforts of the enamel workers, and, by practical encouragement, so fostered and advanced the trade that it has become an art and a lucrative industry.

It would be impossible for one who had not fol-

THE RED SQUARE, CHURCH OF ST. BASIL AND REDEEMER GATE, MOSCOW

lowed the process with his own eyes to conceive how the enamel-ware is wrought. The most proficient artisans form artels, or co-operative bands, each sharing in the profits according to the initial amount he has invested. They establish a work-shop, often in the basement of a house, in the upper rooms of which are the living rooms of themselves and their families. The silver, which forms the base of fine spoons, tea-pots, trays, bowls, caskets, cigarette cases and trinkets, is often hammered into shape by hand, though the more advanced shops have machinery for spinning the smaller pieces. The patterns, which have been drawn on the shaped metal, are outlined in thin, twisted silver wire, which is applied with glue by the delicate fingers of the workers. Later the design is permanently set with hard solder. Enamels, which are a superior quality of glass, costing six to ten rubles a pound, are dissolved and washed with distilled water until not an infinitesimal speck of dirt remains. The coloured enamels are applied to the interstices of the scroll-like design with wisps of camels' hair, and when the whole presents a daintily tinted pattern outlined by the slender barriers of silver wire, the article is placed with its fellows upon trays, and baked in white-hot ovens. Then the heat stains are re-

moved chemically. After the gilding bath and the charcoal polishing, these delicate fruits of patient labour are packed for display in the show windows of Europe and America. A dozen tea-cups and saucers, enamelled on silver, and of masterly workmanship and colouring, sells in the United States for Rs.2000, and a most elaborate tea set of five pieces, for Rs.1400. The same workmen who, in America, would receive ten rubles a day, have not more than two in Russia.

Associated with enamelling is the lacquer-ware, which is often confounded with enamel. It is a Moscow specialty. The principal factory making this novel papier maché is Loukoutine's in the Tverskaïa, or Tver Street. The Museum of Peasant Handwork at No. 7, Leontievsky Side-street, or Pereulok, presents a moderately priced display of embroideries, carving, toys, et cetera, made by the kustari, or home-workers. Among the great industries for which Moscow is renowned, is the Giraud Silk Mill, where four thousand workmen produce about nine million yards of silk a year.

The Sunday "Thieves' Market" held in the Square before the Sukharev Tower is a melée of new and old merchandise, among which the diligent searcher may discover odds and ends of antiquities,

and where the tourist may pass an amusing hour among the booths which sell samovars, dried fruits, old books and music, prints, bronzes, and ikons. The new statue of Gogol overlooks a peasant market where shaggy farm horses stand in patient rows among carts heaped high with cucumbers, and stalls crowded with country produce.

As in St. Petersburg, the best theatres are closed in Summer, but the tourist who goes to Moscow in Winter, when it is all blue, and white, and gold, and, in many ways at its best, will see superior performances of theatre and opera in the better houses. In both Winter and Summer, there are, besides those already suggested, many museums, parks, convents and churches to be seen, concerning which the encyclopedic hotel porter will give information.

The streets are of continuous interest. The chief shopping avenues are the Petrovka, the Tverskaïa and the Kuznetzky Most. On the latter are several banks, and Datsiaro's photograph store, among others of importance to tourists. The boulevards intersected by wide streets, extend beyond the Kitaï Gorod and the Red Square in concentric circles, following the lines of former fortifications. As the city grew, they expanded further and further. When the Slavic Rome had

no more need of defending white walls, they ceased to be, leaving in their stead, long aisles of activity, shaded avenues, and thronged promenades.

Troïtsa Monastery.

Forty-four miles from Moscow, beyond the Park of Sokolniky and settlements of Summer villas, is the town of Serghievo, and above it, a short drive or walk from the station, the Lavra of the Trinity of St. Sergius. Leaving the Yaroslavl Station, Moscow, at 9:40 A. M., Serghievo is reached at 11:13.

If one is pressed for time, it will be better to forego a day in Moscow than to miss seeing this marvellous monastery, second in the Empire in wealth and importance, but second to none in beauty and historic interest. It was founded by St. Sergius in 1340, devastated by the Tatars, and defended by the monks against the Poles. One of Vereschagin's most noted paintings depicts this siege. Without warning, the monastery appears on a hill, as the road curves up from the station. It startles like an apparition. One tower, red, and shaped like a giant crown, rises grandly above others clad in white, rose, and gold. A blue roof is spangled with gilt stars. The snowy tower of forty bells, climbs to the right. A multitude of crosses, pinnacles and lacy

chains twinkle in the sun. Like a protecting arm, the turretted wall encircles the whole.

Below the monastery crowd the booths like humble dependents, as indeed they are, for they exist upon the patronage of the hundred thousand pilgrims who come each year to this Canterbury. Religious emblems, willow-ware, embroidered muzhik shirts, curious dolls and nodding bears entice kopeks from the easily diverted zealots, after they have made the tour of the monastery, have kissed the robe of St. Sergius, confessed their sins before his jewel-set tomb, have crossed themselves before the sarcophagus of wicked Boris Gudonov and his wife in the Annunciation Cathedral, have peered within the vari-coloured walls of the refectory, and drunk at the sacred spring. The Pilgrims flock here as long as the roads are passable, for was not the body of the Abbé Sergius found by the Patriarch Nikon perfectly preserved and miraculously saved from the Tatar invaders, years after his death? And who, then, shall question the benefits of a pilgrimage here? The grandmother of Domná was healed of blindness, and Mikhéi Ivanovich, did he not drop his crutches and limp, rejoicing, through the arch, when he had prayed before the piece of wood from the sacred coffin in the Troïtsky Sobor?

The Treasury behind the Sobor has received jewelled gifts from sovereigns and Grand Dukes to the value of seven hundred million rubles. Nowhere outside of Russia could such a demonstration of religious devotion be found.

The tomb of the Metropolitan Philaret, who drafted the protocol freeing the serfs, is in one of the thirteen churches of the lavra, the "Descent of the Cross," east of the Sobor, or Cathedral.

A monk will conduct visitors up a stone stairway, and through long wandering passages, to the Ikon Studio, where artists sit painting the inspired features of Nicholas, Vladimir, Sergius, or the Holy Mother. Their work is for sale at the shop near the entrance, and at very low prices.

At the exit, the monk in the frayed gown, who has been ingenuously playing cicerone, receives half a ruble as recompense, and one emerges from a world of superstition, miraculous healings, kneeling peasants, ill-smelling chapels and complicated towers to a sloping square bustling with pilgrims, merchants, and clamorous isvoschiks.

Opposite are the two inns of the lavra which provide clean fare and rooms at little cost. However, the station buffet is more satisfactory for dinner.

For forty to fifty kopeks an hour, a tottering

MOSCOW POLICEMAN

drosky may be secured to drive two and a half miles to the Bethany Convent, founded by the Metropolitan Platon. Only men are admitted to the Hermitage Convent for men in the forest, two miles in another direction. Straight out the road which runs before the Troïtsa Monastery, is a striped toll-gate, and, beyond, a settlement of izbas. The natural hospitality of the muzhiks is such that one can ask at almost any door to pay a visit and see the interior of the log homes. Some of them are brightened by white curtains and the favourite scarlet geraniums, and have painted gate-posts, but one hut on the right is frankly dilapidated. The entrance is through a yard containing a long discarded drosky, now inhabited by a family of kittens and some soiled chickens. The smiling matron has seen her guests arriving and beckons them in. They pass through an outer animal shed to a room which boasts one table, a samover, a wall seat, and little else, if one excepts the ikons in the traditional corner. They are as elaborate as the muzhik's purse will allow. Before them pend a half dozen red lamps in pierced metal casing. The mistress of the miserable abode looks on, expecting the words of admiration which are duly given. A tiny room on the left is a tangle of old bedding

and tattered blouses. A sheepskin coat hangs from a peg, and there is a pervading odour of leather, tanned after the manner of the Russians. Overhead is an attic which serves as a dormitory, and, in the far corner of the larger room, that typical institution, a Russian stove, tall, wide and tiled. On its broad top, something moves — and cries, and from its lofty perch out comes a baby's remonstrating fist. The mother climbs on a chair to lift down the mite, and exhibit it with proper pride. The little shape is bound in red swaddling clothes, its cheeks are almost as red, its eyes wondering, and, like all newly-awakened baby eyes, bright as beads. It clamours for a shiny chain around the caller's neck; to distract it, the parent dangles a showy ikon before its clutching fingers. "The name-ikon of the little one," she explains, "the good St. Olga," from which it is inferred that the pride of its mother's heart has received at baptism the name of the first Russian convert to Christianity.

As the strangers leave the house, they pass for inspection before the troop which has come hurrying in from the fields. Kerchiefed women and brawny harvesters stand about with pleased embarrassment while the camera is brought into play. When the ordeal is over, they innocently

demand pictorial proof of the photographers' occult powers. The one in the group who can write scrawls an address, and, weeks later, an amateur print of some bland muzhiks is received with many exclamations at the izba on the Serghievo road, beyond the striped toll-gate.

A train returns from Serghievo to Moscow at 6:43 P. M. Instead of going south to Moscow, one may continue north on the same road to Yaroslavl (seven hours from Moscow and five and a half from Serghievo). Connection can be made at Yaroslavl with Volga steamers going either down the river to Nizhni, or up to Rybinsk. There is rail connection Yaroslavl-Rybinsk-Bologoe-Petersburg.

The most direct route from Moscow for the Volga is by night express (nine hours) to Nizhni Novgorod. Those who wish to see the upper Volga can ascend the river from Nizhni to Rybinsk. Or they can go directly from Petersburg to Rybinsk via Bologoe, proceeding thence to Nizhni and Astrakhan.

Other routes from Moscow are listed at the beginning of Chapter IX.

CHAPTER VIII

TOUR OF THE VOLGA AND THE CAUCASUS

Rybinsk — Yaroslavl — Kostroma — Kineshma — Gorodets — Nizhni Novgorod — Kazan Simbirsk — Samara — Syzran — Saratov — Tsaritzine — Astrakhan

Baku — Tiflis — Kutais — Batum — Grusinian High-road — Vladikavkas

* * *

The Volga — Transportation.

The branch trains from Bologoe to Rybinsk carry no first-class carriages and are slow. But those who are not exacting as to speed and luxury will find the journey far from uncomfortable, and will have as their reward the Upper Volga voyage, which is worth some slight inconvenience. The towns and hamlets are unqualifiedly Russian, are often beautifully placed on the river banks, and are enveloped in historic legend. The real Russia is disclosed as the steamer chugs down stream from Rybinsk to Nizhni, and on to Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea. As a "rest cure" it would be difficult to excel the Volga tour. The shores are tranquil, the boats comfortable, the fare tasty and abundant. Oil is used for fuel, so that the decks are always free of soot and

cinders. Constant embarking and disembarking at frequent landings acquaints the traveller with odd individualities and unfamiliar customs. And, occasionally, a strange, enchanting scene unfolds as the steamer glides around a bend of the russet river.

The luxury and comfort of the Volga steamers is always a surprise to foreign travellers, unless they have learned by former experience that the Russian demands on land and water that his journey be attended with the maximum of creature conveniences, even though he pays for them far less than his fellows in other lands.

The first-class cabins on all lines are toward the bow, the second-class, on the same deck, astern. The deck is enjoyed by both classes without distinction. The same menu is served in both dining-rooms. The second-class accommodation is so excellent that many business men, professors, and well-to-do families patronise it. The upholstery and decoration of the cabins are slightly less pretentious, and the saloon is more modest. The saloons and cabins of both classes are lighted by electricity.

The use of a cabin is included in the cost of transportation on all steamers. There are many single berth cabins, for which there is no addi-

tional charge. Bedding may be hired from the stewardesses. It is the rule on all the lines to allow passengers to remain on board over night when in port, without charge.

At Nizhni, the passenger for the Lower Volga changes steamers, after a 38-hour journey from Rybinsk. Many of the Nizhni-Astrakhan boats are elegant to a degree not attained on any other sound or river steamers. The first-class cabins have daintily shaded electric reading-lamps, well-fitted lavatories, luxurious couches, and hangings and other appointments in exceptional taste. The dining and lounging saloon contains individual tables, a piano, a writing desk, and arm chairs placed by the windows and the large bow front of plate glass, from which one can look out upon the tortuous channel quite protected from the weather.

The Volga Society of 1843, the Samolet, the Rus, and the Caucasus-Mercury are the principal lines. The Samolet boats leave Rybinsk every day, and the others have sailings four or five times a week from both Rybinsk and Nizhni, including intermediate stops. The rate for transportation and meals is uniform on all lines.

The cost of transportation and cabin, first- and second-class, by the routes given below is as follows:

	First-class	Second-class
Rail, Petersburg-Bologoe-Rybinsk	Rs.15.50	Rs. 9.30
Steamer, Rybinsk-Astrakhan	33.75	22.30
Total, Petersburg-Rybinsk-Astrakhan	Rs.49.25	Rs.31.60
Rail, Petersburg-Moscow-Nizhni Novgorod	Rs.22.00	Rs.13.20
Steamer, Nizhni-Astrakhan	27.75	17.80
Total, Petersburg-Moscow-Nizhni-Astrakhan	Rs.49.75	Rs.31.00
Steamer, Rybinsk-Nizhni Novgorod	Rs. 6.00	4.50

MEALS, AT OPTION OF PASSENGER

Morning coffee	Rs. .35k.
Tea	.25
Lunch, two dishes, 11:00-1:00	.65
Dinner, 2:00-6:00	1.00
Supper, two dishes, 9:00-11:00	.65
Total cost of meals per day	Rs.2.90

Meals are served on deck or in cabin without supplement in price.

HIRE OF BEDDING FOR THREE NIGHTS

Blanket	Rs. .50k.
Pillow	.25
Sheet	.20
Towel	.10

Rybinsk.

From the quay Rybinsk resembles a seaport. As far as the eye can follow are cargo and lum-

ber boats moving up and down stream, or moored to the docks. There is a forest of masts on both sides of the river. Towering above the busy scene is the Church of the Transfiguration, whose domes are a beacon from afar to craft coming down from Tver or up from Yaroslavl, Nizhni, and the south. In the neighborhood of Rybinsk there are about a hundred thousand people who live by fishing.

The traveller who embarks upon his first Volga journey will do so with a degree of emotion. "Mother Volga" is the longest river in Europe (2300 miles from Valdaï Hills to Caspian Sea), and for hundreds of years it has been sung in folk-song and recited in fable. It has carried the cargoes of a greater number of nations than any other river. Railroads are a comparatively recent innovation in most of the nine provinces it traverses. Until late years, it was the main highway for the commerce of the East with Russia, and it is still the only means of transportation, aside from the wagon roads, for many of the settlements adjacent to it.

It constantly reminds one of the Mississippi: It is shallow and broad, brown and crooked. The banks are frequently a mass of uprooted trees and tumbling earth. There is the same sense of being

estranged from the rest of the country. The batraks substitute the roustabouts, with the difference that they are stoic Slavs instead of rollicking black men. And with the further difference that they work eighteen hours a day as no negroes would consent to work. They are paid half a ruble a day as against six rubles a day, including good board and lodging, paid to the Mississippi labourers.

The batrak's back is strapped with a carrier on which his burden is loaded, often in the hold. Then, weighted to the limit of man's endurance, he must climb the steep steps to the deck and cross the gang-plank to the pier. Sometimes as the huge hamper, or wooden case, or bale bends him double, his breath comes out with involuntary groans. The batraks walk with a peculiar loping spread of the limbs. As they crawl up from the bowels of the ship, hands on steps to steady them, they look like gnomes under their packs, a procession almost unearthly, and certainly distressing to the humane. The distance to the dock traversed, they come swinging back like unburdened Atlases, seeking new worlds to carry — for a shilling a day, and half a night.

Yaroslavl.

The view of Yaroslavl from the river is one of the most charming sights in the kingdom. The city ranges along the crest of a green terrace sloping to the quays, which are always thronged with river craft. Above it is the profusion of green, silver, grey, and gold spires of seventy-five churches and convents. There is also an Arch-Episcopal Palace and a Governor's residence. The Government of Yaroslavl is to be remarked for its excellent cheese, and for very large cotton and hardware factories. The first theatre in the country was opened here in a warehouse in 1750 by the actors Volkov and Poliushkine. Yaroslavl is endowed with an unusually fair legacy of pretty femininity, which cannot be said of all Great Russian cities.

From Yaroslavl, a railway mounts due north to the old town of Vologda, where Peter I once lived. It is also reached from Petersburg by a new road. A 522-mile journey from Yaroslavl through flat country and pine forests leads to Arkhangel at the mouth of the Dwina on the White Sea. An Englishman, Sir Richard Chancellor, stopped at the eventual site of the city in the late years of the sixteenth century, on his voyage to find a sea route to India by way of the north. Later, he was summoned to Moscow by Ivan the Terrible, who was the first Tsar to establish relations, diplomatic and commercial, with the English. Prior to the founding of Petersburg, this port was

Russia's only important harbour on her northern coast. The ports southwest of the capital were not then under Russian rule. From Arkhangel there are boats to Arctic villages as well as to Sweden. Norwegian, German, British, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish cargo vessels enter the harbour in large numbers during the open season from May to October. There are many ships engaged in Pelagic seal fishing in the abundant waters of the White Sea.

The far-famed Solovetsky Convent, one of the richest in Russia, is accessible by the Monastery boat which makes the trip to the island shrine in about thirteen hours. Fifteen thousand pilgrims visit this most northerly convent annually. It is in 65° latitude.

Kostroma — Kineshma — Gorodets.

The steamer slips down the river past monasteries and grey villages, clinging to clay banks. The inhabitants are chiefly "Old Believers," a sect which dissented under Alexis from a revision of the liturgy proposed by Nikon, and who hold tenaciously, not only to their distinctive religious tenets, but to certain peculiar customs.

There are flocks of black sheep nibbling the meadows on the river edge, and fields of fat cows and heavy-substanced horses. Crows fly in clouds so dense that they cast prophetic shadows across the grain acres they alight to devour. Two green roofs, a bell tower, seven sprawling windmills, a half-broken arch, and a ruined arena come successively into the picture. A sedate barge plods upstream led by an impatient tug. On the after-

deck of the barge is the habitation of the stalwarts who man it. They hang about the miniature steps to the hut waiting for supper. The smoke of the evening fire rises from an improvised chimney. Out of a wee window-pane stares a woman's face, half hidden by scraggly geraniums and a white curtain. The men, bearded and generously built, wear the familiar scarlet shirt, and boots almost to their thighs. They lift their hands in greeting as a raft moves past, headed for Nizhni. The raftsmen have a habitation too, comprised of a few poles raised tent-wise and hung with burlap and matting.

At sunset, the Monastery of St. Nicholas Thaumaturge appears on a hill. At the landing below it, the steamer is made fast and the Faithful file off to the little chapel on the dock, where an old celebrant reads the vesper service. Two boy songsters, imitating their more melodious brothers of the Imperial Choir, chant the Psalms, their voices strained to the rasping point. The cargo is loaded and the wharf bell rings in warning. The evening congregation files back again, first stopping to kiss the hand of the gaunt priest in the tinselled vestments. This monastery and the chapel on the river are particularly precious to the Russians. St. Nicholas the Wonder-worker

is the name-saint of Tsar Nicholas. There is a painting of him by Repine in the Alexander III Museum. On the hill-side some pilgrims are eating and resting before going to bed inside the convent in the quarters reserved for them. The monastic walls and turrets retreat toward the horizon. The late twilight falls. The lamplighters make the rounds of the buoys which outline the day path for the steamers. The bright red of the bobbing buoys is lost in the dark. The steamboat pursues its channel, edged on both sides by twinkling sentinels.

Within the fortress of the Ipatiev Monastery near Kostroma, Michael Romano hid from the Poles in 1613, and, later, was followed by the bishops and boyars who elected him Emperor. The peasant Susanine who refused to betray the youth's refuge to the pursuing Poles, was assassinated by them. The incident inspired Glinka's "Life for the Tsar," which is the favourite national opera. A monument in Kostroma on the Place named for Susanine, commemorates his heroism. Kostroma is a lumber mart, and of considerable local importance also, for its preparation of tar and resin. The native droskies which swarm around the landing are a ludicrous cross between a phaeton and a jaunting-car.

Twenty-five miles below is the village of Krasnoe, whose population works almost entirely in the production of metal ornamentation for ikoni. Kineshma inhabitants are famous lace-makers and linen-weavers. Thousands of families make their living in this province by weaving table-cloths, serviettes, towels, et cetera. They work in their own homes, and constitute part of the army of kustari craftsmen who supply the Russian and foreign markets with a variety of products. In accordance with the Russians' fondness for co-operation, entire districts are often given over to the manufacture of one class of articles. The Department of Rural Economy under the Ministry of Agriculture employs a staff of experts in kustari work, superintends schools teaching the various trades, lends money to assist industries, and maintains a Museum at St. Petersburg. In Moscow, there is a similar Museum which promotes the sale of kustari goods, and exhibits at International Expositions. In London, Paris and Berlin permanent exhibitions have been opened for the marketing of wooden spoons, laces, willow-ware, toys, pottery, nets, scarves, painted boxes, jewellery, dolls, and drawn-work. Many of the workers receive less than half a ruble a day, some as little as twenty kopeks. Many of the

designs they employ have descended from the earliest years of the Empire. They are usually odd and sometimes of real beauty. They invariably have a character which differentiates them from the products of all other nations.

The river widens and flows among sandy islands. The Province of Kostroma drops behind, and the steamer enters the Province of Nizhni Novgorod. One shore remains flat and arid of interest, while the other is high and varied.

The spice bread of Gorodets is a questionable delicacy, much in favour with the Russians, as witness the rush for the old women's baskets directly the hawsers are fastened. A gentleman travelling back to Moscow tells you that he has been commissioned by his sisters to bring home some of the bast baskets of insipid sweet cakes strewn with jam and coarse sugar. He crowds a father laying in a supply for his children, and they both bargain excitedly with the aged dame, who holds out for her price until the gong sounds, and then succumbs. In a neighboring convent, St. Alexander Nevsky died in 1263. Fifty miles further on, the Lower New City, or Nizhni Novgorod, appears at the confluence of the Oka with the Volga.

Nizhni Novgorod.

Through passengers have time to see the Fair Town before the Astrakhan boat sails. Nizhni is Russia's Gate to the East. It was established in 1212 to resist the encroachments of Mordvins and Bulgars. As the capital of the Government of Nizhni Novgorod, it is the centre of a prosperous manufacturing district. It has some fine buildings, secular and ecclesiastical. Most of the latter are in the Kremlin on top of a very steep hill. From the Alexander Garden, the outlook over the broad Volga and its sister streams, the Oka and the Vezloma, far beyond to the hayfields and plains reaching hundreds of miles toward the Urals, is famous with good cause. Few pastoral scenes excel it.

Returning to the lower town and driving out the Rojestvenskaïa, the main street, one arrives at the pontine bridge, a wooden highway which conducts in the Summer time to the opposite Fair. This Yarmark is the largest and most renowned of all annual Fairs. It is the descendant of the one organised by the Tatars at Kazan, and also of another which was near the convent of St. Makary, and was later burned. The natives still call the world mart of Nizhni the Makary Fair. From the fifteenth of July to September tenth, the

NIJNI-NOVGOROD (BRIDGE OF THE FAIR).

sandy plain is thronged with traders from east and west. In former times, barges and caravans were the only means of transporting the merchandise, and in those days the Fair had more appeal to the romantic. Railways, steamboats, and advanced business methods have modernised the great market to its disadvantage, from the tourist's view-point. The outer quarters still maintain an oriental mien, and a walk among the ware-houses and booths teaches an instructive lesson in the products of the universe. The press on the bridge indicates the chaos of nations gathered to sell and buy. Merchants from Bokhara and Turkestan, from the tundras and cities of Siberia, from the Caucasus and Turkey; Bachkirs, Chouvaches, Jews from White Russia, Poles, Germans, Belgians and Anglo-Saxons almost outnumber the Slavs. Above all, the Tatars are in evidence. The ingenuous Russian says, "A Tatar can get around a Russian, a Jew around a Tatar, an American around a Jew, and a Greek can scoop them all in." But even if the Tatar is placed so far down in this scale of sagacity, he gives a shrewd account of himself at the Makary. Many of his competitors would rearrange the above category and substitute "Tatar" for "Greek."

The streets which radiate from the Alexander Nevsky Church on the Oka's bank, are given over to glass-ware, pottery, painted chests, and bells. Moored to the quays are craft which have come west on the Kama, north from the Caspian, and down from the Baltic through the canals which complete a water-way from the Atlantic to the Volga. A promenade in a main avenue will discover numerous intersecting streets, each specialising on a different sort of merchandise. There is the tea quarter, the street of Persian dried fruits, nuts, and carpets, another of Asiatic slippers, stamped leather, and embroidered silks. There are sections where only furs are sold; others are consecrated to soap, wines, hardware, linens, spices, striped cottons, spoons, and filigree silver. A pair of calculating eyes under a turban, a long brown khalat or a burnoose, a full flowered petticoat, a garment fluttering open over a pleated poda, pendant ear-rings and chains of Circassian silver . . . occasionally these suggest the puzzling people of the East.

But in the central building, which contains 2530 shops and booths, romance flees before occidental wares. Typewriters crowd cheap baubles. The post card vendor is familiarly insistent. Shoes from Lynn and Northampton fill show windows,

and dark-skinned salesmen display machine-made rugs and embroideries with which habitués of seaside resorts are already acquainted. Some of the gem shops recall the Rue de la Paix. The trays and ornaments of Siberian gems are interesting for their novelty and sometimes for their colour and brilliancy.

The Mussulman may be found at prayer at his mosque. Near the central building is the Armenian chapel. Down in the "Chinese Quarter" is the old Greek church. The restaurants are scattered and of varying degrees of respectability. For lunch, the Bourse restaurant, by the end of the bridge, is particularly fancied.

The trading is heaviest between the seventh and the eighteenth of August (New Style). In good years, the total turn-over of the Fair is approximately Rs.130,000,000. As a meeting-place of nations and an international exchange, Nizhni will probably never have an equal. After it in importance is the fair at Irbit, a fur centre near Ekaterinaburg beyond the Urals. The sales here from January twenty-fifth to March first amount to Rs.30,000,000. In all, there are thirty large fairs throughout Russia, scattered over a territory extending from Arkhangel to Rostov-on-Don and from Kiev to Tobolsk and Tiumen.

Below Nizhni, the tourist, already introduced to Asiatic features and costuming, will enter a realm which is even more oriental in atmosphere. Below decks on the steamboat, sharp-nosed, slant-eyed, thin-bearded Tatars play strange games, squat-legged on the boards. Some Mordvin women and their children fetch hot water and make tea from bricks of broken and pressed leaves. For hot water, first and second-class passengers pay 5k. per portion, third-class, 3k., and fourth-class, 2k. Soldiers pay nothing. Waiters pass up and down the deck, followed by the hungry eyes of the children. Tea is their supper portion, with a slice of sour rye bread. A trafficker in red and yellow candies solicits trade in vain. Every kopek in the grimy portemonnaies must go toward the homeward journey.

In the bow there is the slim tinkle of a balalaïka, and laughter. A tall muzhik, over six feet, with a winning boyish face, is twanging the instrument, which, with the garmonka, or accordion, is the peasant's favourite. Another passenger, imbued by the catchy strumming, begins to dance with a palm to the back of his neck, and his booted legs crossing and re-crossing with some agility. Then with hands on hips, he does the dance, thrusting first one foot forward and then

the other, while sitting on the heels, which every one has seen who in late years has patronised vaudeville. But this tests too severely his rather stiff joints, and he springs up to resume the simpler movements. Meanwhile, the tall musician has caught up the air and is singing the words with much fervour — more fervour than tunefulness, though, on the whole, it is effective. The performance done, he discovers the row of faces above him. He makes a gallant plea for kopeks, holding out his cap and addressing the onlookers with oratorical grace. Some of the passengers respond in a manner worthy of the naïve effort. Upon which the entertainment proceeds. That Ivan is the weest bit tipsy does not detract from his zeal to please. Encouraged by his success, he is joined by a garmonka performer, with whom he has difficulty in getting in tune. At intervals other dancers volunteer, and are rewarded by copper pieces. Someone calls for "Matushka Volga," that song in praise of the old river which every Volga peasant, batrak, and boatman knows. The mellow tune, set to even more mellow words, swells from a desultory solo to a full-throated chorus, as embarrassment is lost in sentiment. Verse after verse rings out in tribute to Mother Volga. The men improvise the parts

with the skill of the Russian choral singer, and the maidens carry the lovely air. The musicale ended, hunger calls, and then bologna and bread, cold fried fish, tea, and vodka are consumed with appetite. The knight of the Balalaïka spends his recent earnings for some sugar lumps, which he puts in his mouth and allows to melt as he drinks the tea. He smiles up at his benefactors. His face is very winsome.

Near him lies a wretched specimen, a Kalmuk with shaven head and a long lean body. He rises on an elbow and begins to sort some hazel nuts and bayberries in his palm. A lady on the upper deck throws down a half-finished box of chocolates to the poor piece of humanity, starving on dried kernels. He looks up dully, as the box strikes his arm. She motions to him to open it. He gets up and reaches it out to her. She signs again, "No open it. It is for you." Whereat he stares, uncomprehending that anyone should offer him anything. It is impossible to make him understand. He hesitates. Then with a long arm he hurls the token into the wake of the boat. He drops back into the sprawling attitude, and props his head on his filthy pack to sleep, slightly impatient at the interruption of the foreigners who had presumptuously disturbed him by cast-

ing down a discarded box. To open the gaily flowered affair and pry into its contents had not crossed his mind. No one in all his life had ever made him a present. Why should he suspect that anyone, on the impulse, had done so now?

A sister ship bound up from Kazan salutes and passes, leaving a frothy chocolate path lighted by a shaft of electricity. Inside the dining-room an officer in the uniform of the Horse Grenadiers is supping near a window with a diva from the Moscow Opera. The waiter has arrived with an order of sterlet, which is, after all, like an eel in flavour and fibre, but rather inferior, to the foreign palate. But when a Russian commands sterlet on the Volga, its habitat, he sits back with an expectant air, and, later, at the servant's coming, lifts the cover reverently, and eats the fish with the manner of one performing a rite. The Russians take with the utmost seriousness all that relates to their stomachs.

At the long centre table a Tatar family of the upper class is devouring a dish, also peculiar to the Volga. It is concocted of fish, vegetables, cheese, and white grapes. The mother of the group is very pretty in a dark, sparkling way. She wears a bandeau of small pearls and a sort of mantilla of black lace. Her husband, who

may be a linen manufacturer, carries himself with the airs of prosperity. His silk skull-cap is the rich relation of the brown cloth head-gear of the Tatars playing cards below decks.

The sandy stretches on the left bank of the broadening stream resemble more and more the Flemish coast. The few towns are an indefinite mass of thatched roofs, over-topped by assertive cupolas. Near Vassilsursk, the Saura empties its tribute into the lap of the Volga, the basin of which is bigger than all of Germany. Settlements of Cheremissi and Chouvache appear on the increasingly high banks.

Kazan.

Eighteen hours from Nizhni, the ancient capital of the Tatars is sighted. The Kazan docks are a long way from the city, but the boats consume three to four hours, usually, in handling cargo, so that there is enough time to take the tram five miles across the barren meadows to the city. Kazan is built on many hills, surveying the Volga and its branch, the Kazanka. Khans and Tsars fought for years over the town and its dependencies. Since Ivan the Terrible's reign it has belonged to the Russians. But there are still one-third as many mosques as churches, and in

the Tatar quarter one meets many Mussulmen and their attractive women wearing the tantalising fereedjé.

The old monuments in the city are few, and the modern ones not of especial interest. A long street bordered by trees, the Voskressenskaïa, crosses the town to the Kremlin. There are few cities in the realm of Russia which have not such a fortress surrounding the heart of the city, and poised on a commanding height. The cathedral has its share of treasures, and many relics. The Souioumbéka Tower stands near the cathedral. There are seven stories in retreat with a pyramidal roof, resembling in its Tatar design the Borovitsky Gate in Moscow. A flight of steps ascend to the top, which are mounted for the view.

Conflicting stories are told concerning the ikon known as Our Lady of Kazan. Some affirm that the original remained in the Bogoroditsky Convent in Kazan, where it was miraculously discovered in the earth when workmen were laying the foundations of the convent. Others assert with equal assurance that the painting was taken to St. Petersburg upon the burning of Kazan. If the latter theory is true, then it was a copy of the wonder picture which was mounted on the

screen in the convent church and which was stolen six years ago for its jewels and never recovered. The nuns of the convent have a school for the orphaned daughters of priests, and make ikons and gold embroideries.

The University of Kazan, with about thirty-five hundred students, specialists in oriental languages. The nucleus of its large library were books collected by Prince Potëmkine. Lace making furnishes occupation to almost the entire female population of this Province of Kazan, as it does in the Provinces of Riazan, Orel, Nizhni Novgorod, Viatka, Perm, Kaluga and Tver. In all, there are probably forty thousand women, or more, who make their living by the lace industry. The patterns vary in different districts. The wages rarely exceed thirty kopeks a day. The factories of Kazan produce bells, candles, and Russia leather.

From Kazan, boats run up the Kama, one of the longest of the Siberian rivers, to Perm, four hours away.

There is rail connection for Moscow, via Kolomna and Riazan. There are no express trains, and the journey is forty-three hours long.

The Volga's course after leaving Nizhni is easterly, but from Kazan it turns as directly south. Below the mouth of the Kama, the shores

are wooded with pines, oaks and nut trees. The height of the banks presages the towering crags near Samara.

The Archæological Society of Kazan owns the ruins of the city of Bulgary, forty miles below Kazan. The Bulgars originally settled on the Black Sea shores, and were driven north from the Don by the Khazars. In the seventh century they are thought to have migrated in two divisions, one going toward the Danube, and the other to the Volga. Here the descendants of the Huns formed an empire. Their once flourishing city was razed by Tatars six centuries after the tribe's advent on the Volga. These eloquent ruins were discovered over-grown in a forest in the time of Peter I. They lie about five miles from the Volga near a small village.

Simbirsk — Samara — Syzran — Saratov —Tsaritzine.

Simbirsk is on an eminence and makes a rather striking picture from the river, winding south among leafy islands. It has nothing to offer the tourist except the customary cluster of churches and official palaces, and a statue to Karamzine the historian, who was born in Simbirsk Province.

South of Simbirsk, the character of the scenery alters, and the river makes a great loop to the east. The mountains of Siberia sweep across the plains to meet the Volga and follow along its borders for many miles. The cliffs heighten into hills, and, behind, rises a range of peaks. Villages and chateaux are perched on rocky elevations which stand directly upon the river. The Jhiguli Hills do not attain to a greater height than about nine hundred feet, but they rise so precipitously from the water, and are in such contrast to the gentle slopes above Samara that they take on increased dignity by comparison. As the steamboat makes its way between hills, riven with gorges, and projecting masses of rugged rocks, it is easy to imagine a resemblance to the Lorelei section of the Rhine, or to the Riviera between Beaulieu and Monaco.

Samara, which is situated between two hills, is one of the largest of the Volga cities. It is animated or not, according to the year's grain yield. It is one of the main distributing stations for a large wheat growing community, and yet there are years when it is in the clutches of famine. In the hills which encompass it, are Kumyss Sanitariums, where patients pursue a diet of fermented mare's milk, chiefly in the spring.

THE IMPERIAL CHILDREN

Samara is on the Trans-Siberian Line, thirty-four hours from Moscow, by express. There is also rail connection with Kharkov, on the main road from Moscow to the south. Passengers who do not wish to continue the journey to Astrakhan, can leave the Volga here, and by the above route, which requires about forty hours, join railroads running to cities of Little Russia, the Crimea, Odessa, and Warsaw.

Having overcome the obstruction of the hills, the river twists west again, and at Syzran pursues its southerly course. Syzran is a sizeable town, with a seventeenth century convent, and a park of which the citizens are very vain. Here the grandeur of the river scenery abates. The remaining miles of the voyage to the Caspian are flat and lacking in attractiveness, except for occasional plateaus or chalky heights.

Brief as is the list of tourist attractions in the small towns at which the tourist calls during the last three days of the voyage from Syzran to Astrakhan, there is much of interest for the student of races and contrasting conditions. The region of the Nogaï Tatars, the Bulgars, the Kalmuks, and various Turko-Finnish tribes is succeeded by a territory occupied by German colonists. Saratov owes its prosperity to the immigrants who settled here at the invitation of Catherine II. Like most cities in Russia where the German element dominates, Saratov is well

built and a thriving centre of trade. Also, like scores of Russian cities, Teutonically inclined and otherwise, it has its cathedral to Alexander Nevsky. A university has recently been established in Saratov. The museum near the theatre contains a collection of souvenirs of Turgénev, the immortal writer of the "Prose Poems," "Sportsman's Sketches," and "Smoke." Many Russian libraries are named for the great man, and many local museums treasure relics of him. He was born in the village of his estate, Spaskoe Lutovinovo, near Orel, Orlov Province, south of Moscow, in 1818, and died 1883.

A branch railway connects Saratov with the Samara-Pensa-Kharkov line. This is a shorter route than to leave the boat at Samara, and proceed by rail, since the river is further west at Saratov than at Samara.

At Tsaritzine, a Tatar city of considerable commercial activity, the stream begins to branch and divide, until, below Astrakhan, it has no less than seventy mouths.

Three lines of railroad depart from Tsaritzine. One turns north toward Moscow. Another traverses the Province of the Don Cossacks, and joins the Moscow-Sevastopol line just east of Ekaterinoslav. The third goes southwest to Ekaterinodar and on to Novorossisk. The latter is a port on the Black Sea. The Russian Steam Naviga-

tion Company has a frequent service between Batum, Novorossisk, Kertch, Feodosia, Yalta, and Sevastopol. From Novorossisk, therefore, there is direct communication with the Crimea, and on to Odessa, Kiev, and Warsaw, by steamer and train.

Astrakhan.

Astrakhan is not beautiful or picturesque, but it is of practical interest to the millions who regard caviare as a delicacy pre-eminent. The Caspian is one of the largest inland sea fishing-grounds. The sturgeon is its most valuable product, and Astrakhan is the principal shipping point for the sturgeon fisheries. The fish are usually caught with nets. In the winter they are harpooned through the ice in the rivers and seas where they hibernate, with noses buried and tails up, resembling the ostrich in the foolish notion that they are hidden from pursuers because their heads are covered.

The fisheries are plotted and auctioned by the Government. A recent combination of firms has resulted in the almost complete elimination of competition, and in the construction of hitherto unknown refrigerating warehouses. The species of sturgeon called Ruthensus, or sterlet, yields the best caviare and isinglass. The value of the Caspian fisheries as a whole is estimated at Rs.28,-

000,000 yearly. Over Rs.3,500,000 worth of caviare alone was exported last year. Ships in the oil and naphtha trade aggregating millions in tonnage enter Astrakhan harbour every year, establishing this remote Caucasian city as one of the chief ports of all Russia.

Astrakhan is a half-way house for the nations. Its population is a mélange of Armenians, Persians Tatars, Russians and Germans. The Ichthyological Museum displays an unusually fine piscatorial collection, and is eminently apropos.

Steamers which leave Astrakhan at 9:00 A. M. Tuesday and Friday reach Baku on the following Thursday and Monday, at 8:30 P. M., with a stop at Petrovsk en route. There is also daily service between the two cities, leaving Astrakhan at 9:00 A. M. The price of passage is about Rs.22.00, first-class, and Rs.16.00, second, including dinners. Some of the steamers call at Derbent, formerly a Persian city. The stamp of Asiatic sovereignty is still upon it, as numerous walls, citadels, and gateways testify. There is also a Mohammedan cemetery and relics of early combats among tribes of the middle ages. At Petrovsk or Derbent one can make rail connection for Vladikavkas, Novorossisk, or Rostov-on-Don.

THE CAUCASUS.— Baku.

Baku is quite as windy as its Persian name indicates. A few years before Derbent was ceded by Persia, Russia took over Baku from her neighbour.

Since then it has grown from a city of entirely Eastern bearing to an active modern city, the most important harbour on the Caspian. Its Persian monuments are crowded to one side by new business blocks, and electric cars run on the main streets. Traffic in the products of Persia is one of the sources of its wealth. But it is chiefly known as the oil metropolis of Russia. Sixty million barrels of oil were last year taken out of this district. The odour of oil and naphtha is insistent, and not over agreeable. There is a pipe line across the Caucasus Mountains between Baku and Batum, on the Black Sea. The territory surrounding the city is dotted with great refineries and an army of oil tanks.

From Baku there is boat connection for Tashkent and Turkestan. Also to Enzeli, the port of Reshd, from which Teheran is reached after a land journey of two hundred miles.

A railroad borders the Caspian, ascending from Baku to Derbent and Petrovsk, and there turning westward to Vladikavkas and Rostov-on-Don (about thirty-seven hours by fastest express). From the junction Kavkaskaïa to Novorossisk, the trip takes eight hours, making about a forty-hour journey by rail from Baku to Novorossisk, via Vladikavkas.

A route by rail from Baku to Batum passes through Tiflis, and Kutaïs. Tiflis is fourteen and a half hours from Baku, and about eleven hours from Batum, the trip from coast to coast requiring, therefore, slightly over a day by the best train.

Tiflis.

The route across the steppes from Baku to Tiflis discloses the Daghestan Mountains, fertile plateaus, ruins of mosques, and the curious villages of the lower Caucasus. The Caucasian Mountains divide Russia from Southern Asia, and the Black Sea from the Caspian. Tiflis is almost at the centre of the mountainous district now pertaining to Russia. Since the early years of the Christian era it has been the capital of the Georgian kingdom, and is now the centre of the Russian Government in the Caucasus. The name in the tongue of the Georgians signifies "hot," and this adjective may be applied to the Summer temperature as well as to the sulphur springs for which it is renowned. The city is in a valley, and is as important strategically as it is commercially. The native streets and bazaars leave one in no doubt as to the proximity and one-time mastery of Asia. The costumes of the mountaineers and their women are fascinating in the extreme, and reflect the semi-savagery of their forbears, and of their present state. Carpets, silks, fine woolens, silver-mounted arms, the fruits and wines of the Caucasus are bartered, with animation and many gestures, in the streets below balconies embellished with fret-work. In the Georgian quar-

ter, one looks for the famed beauties of old Iberia and is not disappointed. The Georgian women, together with those of Chili, are counted the fairest of the earth.

The Russian quarter is built with the open spaces and large structures which mark all typical Slav settlements. On the long Golovinsky Prospekt are the Museum, which comprises exceedingly interesting ethnological, historical and artistic collections, and the Military Museum. The life of the Winter colony, composed of Russian officers and officials and their families, is replete with diversions unknown to the residents of northern Russia. Hunts are organised in the forests for tiger, bear, and boar. There are drives to Georgian onvents and deserted hamlets, which recall an poch when these conquered wilds were ruled by a haughty and valorous people. At the Governor's palace are dinners and balls, where the gowns of Paris are heightened in beauty by contrast with the uniforms of Cossack and Circassian. Owners of estates south of Tiflis are hosts for house parties, who make mountain excursions in the Borjom region, and take the baths at Abbass-Touman, which is also a Summer retreat.

Adventurous ones who essay to climb Mount Ararat leave Tiflis by the railway which termi-

nates at Erivan. Ararat is almost on the frontier of Persia. The way to its lofty sides is by carriage road; twenty-five miles south of Erivan the ascent is begun, and endures two days across volcanic rock and treacherous snows. The peak, which legend says gave refuge to the Ark, is about seventeen thousand feet above sea level, and commands a stupendous vista of the Caucasus of Russia and Persia. The most favourable time of the year for its ascent is in the late Summer.

All the attributes of a superb mountain panorama pertain to the passage over the Grusinian Highway, or the Georgian Military Road, from Tiflis to Vladikavkas. There are several diligences which make daily trips, as there is no railway between the two cities. Places may be reserved in the omnibuses, or carriages may be hired. An automobile makes the journey in about twelve hours. Some travellers prefer to remain over night en route to witness the sunrise on the snow mountains.

A highway equalling the Cornish Road above the Mediterranean in sight of the Maritime Alps; a view as awesome and inspiring as that of the white monarchs and glaciers of Alaska and the Canadian Rockies; ravines as darkly wooded as those of the Fraser River in British Columbia; the con-

vents, communities, and decayed edifices of a mountain kingdom, alienated by natural forces from surrounding empires — such elements contribute to the making of a mosaic assembled by the lavish hand of Nature. The completed work is one of colossal splendour. To attempt its description is presumption, and folly. The Creator has fashioned many wondrous scenes in this old world. But mortal has not gauged the supreme technique of the Almighty Artist until he has travelled the road from Tiflis, past Mtskhet, through valleys rent by impetuous rivers, up acclivities where half-fallen villages are veiled in birch and beech, among luxuriant meadows watered by avalanche and torrent, under the eaves of giant cliffs, by the battle-ground of Georgian kings, to heights overlooking Kazbek and the Mount of the Cross, on to the Dariel Gorge and the glacier of Diévdorak, to the Chateau of Tamara, to the Terek hurrying by volcanic shapes and forest shores, and to Vladikavkas, "Queen of the Caucasus."

Vladikavkas.

Vladikavkas is a garrison town, well fortified. It lies at the foot of a basin showered by the waters of the many-armed Terek. It is also the terminus for another military road crossing to

Kutaïs by the Mamisson Pass. The route is not without occasional risk, where the highway is crowded to the edge of profound ravines. Those who have taken this four- or five-day journey over the mountains declare that the view upon Kazbek, 16,000 feet high, is even more glorious than from the Georgian Road, and that the Gorge of Khassara is no less beautiful than the Dariel Gorge.

North of Vladikavkas, on the way to Rostov-on-Don, but off the main road on a branch, is Piatigorsk, the watering-place much affected by those in need of its hot sulphur waters. The patients take their cure in sight of Elbrus, the tallest peak of the Caucasus, and its lesser neighbours. They walk to the outlook from which are visible the five summits whose proximity caused Piatigorsk to be so named, "The City of Five Mountains." They make a pilgrimage to the grotto chapel in memory of Lermontov, the poet, who was killed in a duel here. Others go by horseback and carriage into the heart of Central Caucasus where Elbrus of the double crowns sits among a coterie of peaks varying in height from seven to eighteen thousand feet.

Among the multitude of races and sects in the Caucasus, the Georgians are predominant, and have continued to be since these people, who are

an off-shoot of the old Greek nation, established their dynasty on the shores of the Black Sea, more than two thousand years ago. They warred for centuries with Arabs, Persians and Byzantines, and added to their empire until, by degrees, they invaded Asia Minor. Then the proud nation fell on evil days. Persia infringed upon their southern border, and Russia, awakened to the need of keeping out Persia, invaded from the north. Almost a century of secessions and fanatical conflict ensued before Russia finally took over the Georgian principalities and other mountain tribes. Mtskhet, near Tiflis, was the Georgian, or Grusinian, capital before Tiflis. Westward from Tiflis to Batum, and south as far as the frontier of Armenia are hundreds of mountain towns which have preserved their character almost unchanged since the ancients first appeared in the valley of the Kura. About fifty miles west of Tiflis is Gori, an essentially Georgian town. Beyond, at the head of a branch line, is one of the gems of the Caucasus, and one of its most ancient capitals, Kutaïs the former Clytoea. Protected by stately hills and placed on the banks of the riotous river Rion, it stands in a little kingdom of its own. One steps aside from the outer world here, and joins another realm, peopled by fair women and brave

men, descendants of a race which ante-dates the Egyptians, and which has maintained its culture, its literature, and its honour through cycles of combat and strife.

Batum.

Batum, the last of the Caucasian cities to come under Russian rule, is one of the main outlets for the products of Persia and the Caucasus. The foreign shipping in its harbour increases yearly. Oil is its principal export, though outgoing ships also carry cargoes of liquorice root, fine woods, silk cocoons, the manufactured silks of Georgia, carpets made on Caucasian looms, and manganese ore. Through its custom house pass sewing-machines, kitchen utensils, ink and motor cars, among other consignments for Persia. Great strawberry fields in and near Batum produce tons of fruit from April to June. The harbour has the treasonable quality of being tempestuous in bad weather, so that vessels which put in there hoping to evade the evil winds of this coast, have to put about and sail out again until the storm ceases. The hoary peaks behind Batum have witnessed many a beating gale rush across the Black Sea to overtake unwary ships.

By the steamers of the Russian Steam Navigation Company, Batum is six hours from Poti, and forty-eight hours

from Novorossik. Fare, Batum-Poti, about R.1.00, either class. Batum-Novorossisk, Rs.4.00 and Rs.3.00, first- and second-class.

See under Tsaritzine, Chapter VII, and under Kertch, Chapter IX.

Poti — Sukhum-Salé — Gagry.

Poti, at the mouth of the Rion, also has a modicum of trade, but is handicapped by the presence of a bar across the harbour mouth, which must constantly be dredged, and which precludes the entry of shipping in rough weather.

The wild forest and mountain highway which connects Poti with Novorossisk must be accomplished in carriage and saddle. The State has under consideration the construction of a railway along the coast from Tuopse, two hundred miles north of Poti, to a point on the Transcaucasian Railway between Samtredi and Batum. By this means, it will be possible to see with greater comfort than now, the coast scenery, which is a repetition of the magnificence of the interior, with the addition that the sea is always at hand.

At Gagry, beyond the favoured winter station of Sukhum-Salé, the steamers of the North German Lloyd land passengers on Spring cruises from Genoa to Black Sea ports. The excursionists are then taken to Novorossisk after a sight of the royal mountain views about Gagry.

Novorossisk.

Novorossisk receives a great proportion of the large shipments of agricultural machinery from the United States to Russia. The harbour is notably good. On the neighbouring slopes are vineyards growing the mediocre North Caucasian grapes. The wines of the Transcaucasia are very superior. The annual production of young wine is about thirty million gallons. The vines of the Northern Caucasus yield about ten million gallons a year. The oil fields of Maikop are east of Novorossisk.

At Novorossisk, North German Lloyd passengers are taken by train to Vladikavkas, over the Georgian Route to Tiflis, and from there by special train to Batum to rejoin the steamer. They then proceed to Crimean ports, and parties are arranged to explore the beauties of the Russian peninsula. This recent service of the North German Lloyd is recommended to travellers who desire new touristic emotions.

See under Tsaritzine, this chapter, and under Kertch, Chapter IX. Steamer, Novorossisk-Kertch in sixteen hours. Fare, about Rs.4.00, first-class, and Rs.3.00, second-class.

CHAPTER IX

CENTRAL, WESTERN AND LITTLE RUSSIA

Smolensk — Minsk —(Brest-Litovsk)— Tula — Orel — Kursk — Kharkov — Poltava — Ekaterinoslav — Alexandrovsk.

THE CRIMEA

Simferopol — Bakhshisaraï — Sevastopol — Balaklava — Alupka — Orianda — Livadia — Yalta — Gurzŭv — Alushta Theodosia — Kertch.

Moscow is the centre of a radiating star of railways. Besides lines connecting the great terminal with Riga, Pskov, Petersburg, Yaroslavl, Nizhni Novgorod, the lower Volga cities, and the Caucasus, there is the Trans-Siberian road running east, the one to Warsaw on the west, another to Kiev and Odessa in the southwest, and the main route from Moscow through Central and Little Russia to Sevastopol in the Crimea. In addition, there is a vast ramification of roads which do not interest the tourist.

The Trans-Siberian Express leaves Kursk Station, Moscow, twice a week for Vladivostok, and Shanghai, Pekin, and Nagasaki, via Tula, Penza, Samara, Orenburg, Omsk,

Irkutsk, and Harbin. The journey of 5385 miles to Vladivostok consumes thirteen days. The carriages are fitted with bathrooms, dispensary and library. Fare, Moscow-Vladivostok, first-class, Rs.345.00, and second-class, Rs.225.00.

Route to Warsaw.

A train de luxe leaves Smolensk Station, Moscow, every Friday for Warsaw, arriving in twenty-four hours. Distance, 811 miles. Other trains take rather longer to make the trip. The route is the one pursued by Napoleon's army when advancing upon and retreating from Moscow. Borodino was the scene of a battle between the French and the Russians, September 7, 1812.

Smolensk.

Smolensk has lain in the path of many contending armies. During the unsettled years of the early Empire, it knew a dozen masters. Nevertheless, its position in the centre of a wide plain on the navigable Dniepr insured its growth, and it once had three times its present population. After the great battle delivered here August 17-18, 1812, the city was burned. But three months later, the French under Napoleon and Ney retired in disorder through the city they had ravaged.

The composer, Glinka, was born in Smolensk Province in 1804. A statue to his memory stands in one of the squares. The city has an air of great age, and contains several interesting reminders of past struggles fought within its gates.

At Borisov, about one hundred and fifty miles west, the railroad crosses the Berezina River, where Napoleon met final and terrible disaster, routed not only by the Russian army, but by the Russian Winter. The troops, entirely disorganised, after a valiant resistance on the banks of the river, scattered in the direction of Vilna, to the northwest, through which old Jewish city, Napoleon had so confidently entered a few months before.

Minsk and Brest-Litovsk.

The Warsaw route lies through the core of the region known as White Russia, of which a majority of the population are Jews and impoverished Slavs. Many of the latter are descended from the Poles who once owned this territory. Their language varies from that of Great and Little Russia, and their physiognomy and costume are different also. The first partition of Poland gave

Russia White Russia and part of Lithuania. By the second and third partitions, Russia inherited half of the entire Jewish race as subjects. Nearly 94% of the Jews of Russia live in the "Pale," which comprises twenty-five Provinces in Poland, Lithuania, White Russia, Southwestern, and Southern, or New Russia.

Minsk is half Jewish, and the chief city of Minsk Province. It was a base of supplies for the French army during their eastward advance.

The war-scarred fortress of Brest-Litovsk is on the frontier of the former kingdom of Poland, which was once more than 210,000 square miles in extent. The eminence on which it stands at the junction of the Búg and the Mukhovets was long coveted by many nations. It is now a first-class Russian fortification. The same large proportion of Jews prevails here as in other cities of this district.

About five hours beyond is Warsaw, pronounced Varshava, by the Russians, and Varsovie by the French.

ROUTES THROUGH LITTLE RUSSIA.

All roads leading from Moscow directly south and to the southwest depart from the Kursk Station. The Black Sea Express leaves Petersburg

IVAN THE TERRIBLE, BY ANTOKOLSKY

and Moscow in the Summer, fortnightly, until the end of September.

Tula — Orel — Kursk.

About three hours south of Moscow is Tula, from which railways diverge in various directions. The city is the metropolis of Tula Province, and its production of metal-ware is among the largest in Russia. Its factories turn out famous samovars, black enamelled silver-ware, and many other specialties in steel, copper, iron, lead, and silver. About ten thousand workmen are employed in the Imperial Arms Factory, which Peter the Great established. Near Tula is the Tolstoï estate, "Serene Meadows."

Another three hours, and the train arrives at Orel, "the Eagle," on the Oka, a main distributing point for the rich "Black Earth" country, which extends southward and east. Across the Don one enters Little Russia, of which Kursk is the most northerly city. The Cossacks once held this territory. Their dwellings were built about a court, or kur. Kursk means, "pertaining to the court." Like all border towns, Kursk has the characteristics of both Great and Little Russia. The fruit and vegetables of its orchards and gardens have a national reputation.

The natives of Little Russia speak a different dialect from their compatriots of the north, they have darker complexions, eyes, and hair, and they dress in brighter colours. Though inclined to indolence, they have pride in their cottages and surroundings, and their towns sometimes present a more congenial aspect than those of other parts of Russia. They have intense local prejudices, are imaginative, and sentimental. It is significant that nearly all the eminent littérateurs and poets of the country are sons of Málo Russia.

A railway three hundred miles long joins Kursk and Kiev, via Artokovo. At the latter point the line is met by the road which descends from Moscow via Briansk. The distance to Kiev from Moscow is about the same by either route (twenty-one hours). Odessa is twelve hours south of Kiev by express via Kazatine. Moscow—Kiev—Odessa, about thirty-three hours.

Kharkov.

Kharkov is on the trunk line from Moscow to the Crimea, and one hundred and fifty miles below Kursk. Four large fairs are held here annually. The total value of manufactured goods, groceries, leather, wool, and sheep skins sold at these markets is Rs.40,00,000. Buyers assemble from every quarter to stock the commodities for which Kharkov is the centre. The largest fairs are the Kreshenskaïa which lasts three weeks

in January, and the Pokrovskaïa in the month of October.

Kharkov is the seat of a university having five thousand students, ranking in numbers next after Moscow. In 1910 the Kharkov University for Medical Science for Women was formally opened. This is one of the few schools for higher education open to women in Russia, outside of courses at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The University is at the end of the street called after Catherine, in the centre of the city. Its neighbours are the Cathedral, the City Hall, and the Great Bazaar. The busiest portion of the town is embraced by two rivers, the Kharkov and the Lopan, tributaries of the Donetz, which is navigable to the Black Sea.

Two hours southwest of Kharkov, on a branch road, is Poltava, known to history because of the battle which Peter the Great fought with Charles XII of Sweden three miles outside of the city. This contest decided Russia's position in Europe. The Mound of the Swedes dominates the site. It is about seventy feet high, and is crowned by a great stone cross. A house in the town is marked as the one where Peter slept after the battle.

Every Summer in July, Poltava is the scene of another one of the fairs at which so much of the commerce of Russia is transacted. The Iliinskaïa specialises in horse hides, leather, shoes, and the sheepskin coats worn so universally by the muzhik.

There is rail connection from Poltava to Kiev. At Poltava the line from Kharkov branches to Kremenschug and

Elissavetgrad en route for Odessa. This route to Odessa from Moscow is several hours longer than the one via Kiev, listed under Kursk.

Proceeding from Kharkov, trains for the Crimea pass through Ekaterinoslav, founded by and named for Catherine, and, across monotonous plains and marshes to Alexandrovsk and Melitopol. The Prince Potëmkine, who won Catherine's favour by his prodigal entertainments, caused Alexandrovsk to be built, and is buried in the Catherine Cathedral.

Express trains from Moscow to Sevastopol make the thousand-mile journey in about thirty-four hours. The route is Tula — Orel — Kursk—Kharkov—Ekaterinoslav—Alexandrovsk — Melitopol — Dankoï—Simferopol—Bakhshi-Saraï—Sevastopol.

THE CRIMEA.

The Tauric Peninsula is held to the mainland by the slender thread of the Perekop Isthmus. This narrow span bars the Sea of Azov and the Putrid Sea from the northern waters of the Euxine, called the Black Sea, because ancient mariners believed it difficult to navigate. In the north, the Crimea is barren of scenic charms, but, gradually, browns turn to greens, low hills lift in gentle rises, usurping the tumuli of the scorched pastures, and trees and rivers appear to garnish the freshening landscape. The Salghir is the boundary line separating the ugly North from the voluptuous South.

The Tauric Arcadia is as ancient as it is fair. It was a mart for traders of many nations sev-

eral centuries before Christ, and still has the stamp of antiquity. Taurians, Greeks, Ionians, Venetians, Genoese, Turks, Crim and Nogaï Tatars have made her early history. The peninsula has served as a barrier between the civilisation of mid-Europe and the savagery of Volga marauders. In the same measure it was a buffer between the Allies and the Russian mainland in 1854. Since 1784, Russia has been master of the Province. After the Crimean War the Tatars fled to Turkey in great numbers, leaving five hundred villages abandoned. They were succeeded by Bulgarians and other Christian dependents of Turkey. The descendants of Prince Nogaï's horde are by degrees losing their hold in the Crimea, which has been their habitat since the third century.

The Russians look upon the peninsula as if it were a colonial possession. Its extent is not so great as that of Lake Ladoga. Its population equals that of Riga and St. Petersburg, being about 1,880,000.

Simferopol

The capital of the Crimea, which was once a Tatar stronghold, is now an energetic Russian city. Catherine II instigated the taking of the territory, and her enterprise is commemorated by

a monument in the Park on the banks of the laughing Salghir. The Tatars still inhabit a quarter of their own which has a dozen mosques, and the courts and odd markets peculiar to Asiatic communities.

The Crimea is the chief fruit growing region of Russia. With the orchards of Yalta and Theodosia, the Simferopol district produces yearly crops averaging 32,000,000 pounds. Every kind of temperate zone fruit is grown, as well as figs, pomegranates, mooshmoolas, oranges, and other fruits of the tropics. Simferopol is one of the four cities which make a specialty of preserving fruits and bottling syrups. The other three are St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kiev.

A carriage road follows the Salghir southeast to Alushta, on the coast opposite Caucasia. But the most travelled route to Alushta, "the sea-port of Simferopol," is the coast road from Sevastopol, via Yalta.

Alma, among the orchards of apples which give it its name, is familiar to those who know the story of the war in the Crimea. The battle-field is twenty miles west from the town.

Bakhshi-Sarai.

The Tatar "Palace of the Gardens" is the

Crimean Mecca, the only city of the Crimea which has entirely guarded its Asiatic personality. The tourist who leaves the train here en route for Sevastopol, will find an informal grouping of thoroughly Eastern dwellings, and a heterogeneous buying and selling in the indefinite byways which suggests Jerusalem. The city is a Russian Grenada. The Khan's Palace is its Alhambra. A few rooms are at the disposal of travellers in the Saraï, the sixteenth century Palace of Tatar rulers, where minarets and balconies overlook flowering terraces. If one is tempted to stay a night or so he will be given a room little changed since the days of the old Crim kingdom. Just to sojourn awhile among the haunts of the vanished sovereigns of a vanishing race is compensation for the hot streets without, where the noise of wrangling traffickers obtrudes upon the ear from sunrise to sunset. In imagination, a slant-eyed houri leans from her casement to pluck a pomegranate, while her emperor looks on beneath an almond tree, and finds the picture good. In the mosque, the Faithful answer the call to prayer as in the time of Prince Nogaï. The fountain in the Palace still drops its tears into the marble basin. Some say Marie Potocka wandered in these halls, captive of an amorous Khan.

In the garden he sleeps with his fellows, last of the Tatar kings.

The mausoleums of the Khans rear themselves beside the mosque. In the Palace across the court, the throne room, the harem, the baths remain as they were before the Russification of the Crimea.

Romantic hours, even days, may be passed walking and driving among the ravines, forsaken settlements, and prehistoric caves of this wonderful hill country There is a convent in the valley and a miraculous spring sung by Pushkine. These must be seen. Also, the grottos of Katchikalen, and the view of the Euxine.

In the distant Vale of Jehosaphat, a sect of Karaïte Jews have their burying-place. They are a handsome, superior race who dissent from the rabbis' interpretation of the Old Testament. Their name indicates their studiousness, "Readers of the Scriptures." At their fortress, Chufut-Kalé, lives their chief, a simple rabbi who will act as guide.

In the interior are the ruins of Mangup-Kalé, or Mangup Fortress, which once swept all the coast east of Sevastopol. For this expedition a carriage and a guide must be employed, and provisions taken.

At Inkerman, a monastery cut from rock borders the railway. The name of the town is another reminder of the contest of '54. After the elapse of a few minutes, the sea and Sevastopol come into view.

Sevastopol.

Sevastopol has risen literally from its ashes. Profiting by the merciless devastation of 1854-5, it has assumed a new and pleasing dress. It is the largest city in the Crimea and a third-class fortification. It is a military port only. No vessel flying a foreign flag may now enter its harbour.

The sights which most attract tourists are associated with the 349-day siege, though the promenades, the panorama of the terraced city, the St. Vladimir and the Peter-Paul Cathedrals, the forts and the sea and the gay restaurants, filled with officers and their companions, merit their own share of interest.

At the end of the Maritime Boulevard is the white Museum of war souvenirs. The Historical Boulevard is a hot bare avenue marked, like the roads on the Vicksburg battle-ground, by tablets showing the position of the Russian batteries. Across Southern Bay, accessible by small boats

from the Gravskaïa Pristan, is the Admiralty quarter, and the high plateau of Malakov, so fiercely assailed by the eventually victorious guns of MacMahon. Further on is the Admiral Kornilov monument.

Over a hundred thousand Russian dead lie in a park-like enclosure beyond Sevastopol Bay. The redan fortifications and the cottage where Lord Raglan expired are also in the environs.

A fallen necropolis, the remains of edifices, streets, and convent walls, two miles from Sevastopol, comprise the ruins of Khersonesus, a Byzantine city which prospered five centuries before Christ. Vladimir chose this spot to receive the baptism of the priests brought from Byzantium. A church bearing his name adjoins the chapel in which the rite was performed which invested Russia with a new religion in place of the nature worship of her pagan tribes. Near the dock is a small museum of antiquities.

On the Road to Yalta.

The Crimean Cornish is traversed every day by a mail coach in which places may be reserved at about five rubles apiece. A carriage or automobile for the 10-12 hour drive to Yalta will cost Rs.16-25, or slightly more if St. George's Convent and Balaklava are to be included en route.

The trip by steamer from Sevastopol to Yalta is about five hours long. This can be taken returning, if the tourist wishes first to enjoy the coast road.

MERIDIAN BAY, SEVASTOPOL

If an early start is made, there will be time to turn aside from the highway to the French and English cemeteries, and the Convent of St. George named for the Crusader, who was born at Lydda in Lower Palestine. The latter is placed among shrubbery and Italian poplars on a rocky height looking upon the sea. Beyond is the Promontory of Partheniké of the ancients, and the Cape Fiolenté of modern geography.

Balaklava.

A few versts south is the Bay of Balaklava, a bowl of dark green water with steep craggy sides. The village is opposite the serpentine channel, which insinuates its way between gloomy cliffs. The Russians stormed the English, and the French routed the Russians on the hill beyond, where Scarlett's Brigade made their rash and valiant charge.

But a stranger contest was disputed on the Bay of Balaklava in the year 1869. The intruders in scaly armour were pursued by a detachment of greedy dolphins, and sought refuge in the harbour. Boned, and creamed to a brown paste they are known to epicures as anchovies. Millions strong, they crowded through the twisted portal. They thronged the Bay, a terrified army, fleeing

from dolphin maws They floated on the water in a silvery mass. They stormed the muddy banks, and trod on one another's tails. The delighted inhabitants made haste to profit from the siege. They brought boats, baskets, buckets, and barrels, and imprisoned the squirming battalions. But though they scooped and baled, the shimmering horde still exceeded their prison confines.

The villagers feasted until their appetites were appeased, and the poorest denizen shuddered at mention of a fried anchovy. But still the troops camped on the shore. Many died from exposure to air. Their tiny carcasses were strewn on the beach. The sun shone hot. . . . A breeze from the south blew toward the land. . . . Fastidious townfolk found it convenient to pay visits to distant friends. Others remained steadfast during the onslaught, but shut firmly their windows and doors. Valorous citizens, realising that Balaklava's very existence was threatened, called for aid and set forth to do battle. Hundreds of helpers hurried from towns even as far as Sevastopol. First, they loaded cannon and fired upon the sentinel dolphins, still obstructing the channel. Then they proceeded to disengage the shore from the malodorous grasp of the adversary. They toiled for days loading barges

which disgorged in the sea. Tools lay idle, and shop keepers forgot to take down the shutters. Only the women responded to the summons of the church bell, and they stole quickly from their homes with muffled nostrils, and closed the oak door of the chapel with haste. The peaceable village lay beleaguered by an overpowering enemy. With every weapon at their command, the inhabitants fought to rid themselves of their assailant. But in the end it was Nature who brought her forces to their aid, and effected their tardy delivery. Gradually, under the southern sun, the finny legions disintegrated to a soapy substance which later dried to chalk, and became one of the geological strata of the banks. Thus ended a siege of greater local import than that of the allies in Balaklava Bay.

The chain of calcareous mountains which develop in the southern Crimea extend in a sinuate range for over a hundred miles from Khersonesus to the Bay of Kaffa. They are apparently the débris of profound erosions. The crags and cliffs are rocks in ruins, the hills but fragments of a vast plateau torn by rumblings and upheavals, the ravines are clefts in the lime-stone and clay. The south coast falls toward the shore in abrupt

descents. Every mountain storm detaches boulders and sweeps them down to the valleys and on to the shore to form new promontories to cleave the sea. The coast appears to have risen out of the water, possibly when the Black Sea opened its way into the Aegean and lowered its level. The volcanic beach is for the most part barren of sand, shells, and sea-weed. Often its curves are as exact as if described by a compass.

The forests are like those of Normandy. All the trees of central Europe are here, the oak, beech, horn-beam, lime, elm, ash, sorb-tree, aspen, willow, hawthorn and wild cherry, prune and wild apple. Across the mountains is a sister shore to that of southern Italy. The laurel, the juniper, the quince and the apricot cling to the sea-washed slopes. Wild vines embrace the trunks of tropic trees.

Great peaks soar to the southeast above hills and plains which are botanical jungles, climbing down the Yaïlas to lordly gardens which glow beneath the cliffs. Along the wagon road, the villas, enriched by malachite, porphyry, marbles and rare flora, bring to mind the Côte d'Azur, or, if they were less the work of man, untamed Liguria.

Chamois sport among the crags; rabbits and foxes scurry through the woods. But there are

few wild beasts in these hills once convulsed in gigantic disruption, now taking a long sleep. Aquatic birds are rare, likewise reptiles, insects, and molluscs.

This Eden never knows frost. The mean temperature is 55° Fahrenheit. Though the sun is hot in July and August, the winds across the Euxine temper the heat, and cool the soft nights.

It is not until one approaches the Baïdar Valley that the Crimean coast justifies the rapturous claims of Pushkine and other poets. The roadway shares with a slender stream the width of the valley, which broadens by degrees as it draws near to Baïdar, a Tatary hamlet. On the rise above is the Gate of Baïdar, arching a sublime tableau of undulating forests, blue-green water, turbulent coast, and the Crimean Alps. Travellers may break the journey here and see the sunrise from the windows of the inn, before continuing to Yalta the next morning.

Cape Sarytch appears at the most southerly point of the peninsula. Tortured masses of reddish rock peer around the long curves of the highway. Through gate-ways and screening shrubbery one glimpses the domains of the opulent. At the post station of Kikeneïs surrounded by shanties of native mountaineers, the Alupka

road turns south through the valley of Cimiez shaded by cypress, walnut, and mulberry trees. The Woronzov Palace, which bestows fame upon Alupka, is a cousin germane to both the Moorish and Gothic schools of architecture. The grounds stretch from the hills behind it to the sea, and are a maze of beautiful effects in landscape gardening. The village is a resort for Russian invalids.

When the imperial family is not in residence, the Palace of Livadia is open to the public, upon presentation of credentials, like passport or letters. The domain lies on both sides of the road. The large Palace is pretentious, but the smaller is home-like, resembling more a bourgeois villa. Alexander III died here in 1894. There is access through this estate to Orianda. The Palace was burned years ago, but the park is one of the most exquisite of the Crimea.

Yalta.

Yalta is the gayest, the most exclusive, and the most expensive Russian resort. As always with modish Russians, everything is done on a large scale. The hotels are enormous and very grand. The casino and café life is typically extravagant. The town is edged to the border of the Bay by a bare, gloomy mountain. The position is so pro-

tected that the temperature rarely exceeds 75° or falls below 45°. At the bathing hour, the sands are bright with merry-makers, yachts rise gently in the Bay, and promenaders on the quay saunter back and forth in light toilettes. The Yalta planet revolves from midnight to midnight in an orbit of frivolity. It is the social capital of the Crimea.

For steamers to Sevastopol and Odessa, to Theodosia, Kertch, and the Caucasus, see under Kertch, end of chapter.

The East Coast.

Steamers make daily trips to Alushta, twenty-seven miles northeast of Yalta, but the carriage route is preferable if one wishes to include in the outing a sight of the Lower and Upper Massandra and Gurzūv.

The parks and vineyards of the two Massandras are royal possessions, and delightfully laid out. The wine is of rare bouquet and highly regarded by Russian connoisseurs, though strangely almost unknown outside of Russia.

The Duc de Richelieu, when Governor-General at Odessa during the early years of the nineteenth century, created the park which is Gurzūv's attraction. Pushkine lived here in 1820, and wrote some of his loveliest sonnets on the Crimea. In

the vicinity are drives, walks, and boat rides to hill settlements and grottos. The sea bathing finds many patrons. The mountain views up the coast to Chatyr-Dagh, and Demirdji, and down to Roman-Koch are most impressive.

The finest Crimean vineyards are in the district which extends from Alushta to Theodosia. Thousands of acres are planted in grapes. The wine cellars of the large owners are interesting to visitors. Alushta is also a resort for sea bathers.

The ascent of the "Tented Peak," Chatyr-Dagh, is begun from a village five miles inland from Alushta. Guides are available. The round trip consumes about twenty hours on foot, and about half as long on horseback. The level plain on the crest is of great extent. From a height of five thousand feet it surveys the sea as far as the Bay of Sevastopol, and away to the southeast and east toward the Caucasus. Viewed from this central point, the Crimean mountains and their foothills unroll like an ocean of peaks before the spectator. The descent is accomplished by comfortable stages, stopping to visit several grottos, and remaining overnight, if desired, at Korbek. A forest of beech trees conducts one back to Alushta. With Yalta and Alushta as centres,

many excursions are accessible to mountain passes, cascades, hill convents, and old Genoese castles.

Theodosia is reached overland from Alushta via Sudak, or by steamers of the Russian Steam Navigation Line, which make frequent stops at Yalta, coming from Sevastopol or Batum.

Theodosia, the old Kaffa of the Genoese, has been a city of importance since its foundation, six centuries before our era. It is the chief commercial port of the Crimea, and contains much to interest the antiquarian. Aïvasovsky, the premier Russian marine painter, is honoured by the presence of a gallery composed entirely of his pictures, many of them of the Black Sea, in its various moods.

Theodosia is at the heart of a most prolific fruit growing region. It produces quantities of apricots, apples, pears and grapes. Only the lack of refrigerating facilities prevents the shipment of thousands of bushels to England and elsewhere. Those who frequent Theodosia for the baths, take the grape cure in the Fall. Foreign vessels with an aggregate tonnage of about 300,000 yearly call at Theodosia to load grain. Across the Sea of Azov to the north is Taganrog, through whose roadstead ships passed last year

carrying cargoes of wheat and barley to the value of Rs.150,000,000. The grain exports from Rostov-on-Don were almost equal in value. These ports of the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea drain the immense stretches of grain fields in the basin of the Don.

A branch railway to Djankoi unites Theodosia with the Moscow-Sevastopol road. Time about four hours.

Kertch was once the seat of Bosphorus kings. It guards the narrow and shallow straits through which the Sea of Azov flows into the Black Sea. Behind the ancient city is a range of low hills. A stairway leads to the "Mound of Mithridates" where legend says is the tomb of the Sixth Mithridates, who died a century before Christ. Other relics of remote antiquity are in the vicinity and are easily approached by road.

Commercially, Kertch is making progress, not only as a shipping port, but as a manufacturing town. It contains large tobacco and fish curing establishments, and several flour mills. British financiers are interested in oil boring operations in the peninsula of Kertch-Yenikalé.

The railroad from Kertch joins the line from Theodosia and proceeds to Djankoi, a journey of less than five hours from Kertch to the main route.

The steamers of the Russian Steam Navigation Company, the line having the most ships of any Russian company, leave Batum five times a week, calling at Poti, Novorossisk, Kertch, Theodosia (also "Feodosia"), Yalta, and Sevastopol.

TIME TO ODESSA	FARE	
From Kertch.....44 hours	First-class	Second-class
From Theodosia....34 hours	Rs.22.00	Rs.17.00
From Yalta .....24 hours	17.00	13.00
From Sevastool ....16 hours	13.00	10.00
	10.00	7.00

The time and fare varies somewhat on different boats, but the above are approximately correct.

Fare includes meals. Stop-overs are permitted.

CHAPTER X

ODESSA — KIEV — WARSAW

Odessa.

The sea passage to Odessa from Black Sea ports reveals the Crimean coast line, beautiful estates on the shore, numerous capes, busy ports and pleasure resorts, the harbour of Sevastopol and the city of Eupatoria, which had a part in the Crimean war. At the mouth of the Dniestr on a wide, well-protected bay is established the "Merchant Prince" of the Turks.

The most thriving port of Russia, and its fourth largest city is the least Russian in appearance. The foreign inhabitants, made up of Germans, Italians, Greeks and Armenians assume that Odessa's clean and prosperous aspect is due to their energy. Cycles before Russia owned the city it was the trading-centre of Europeans and Asiatics. Its first Governor was a Frenchman, the Duc de Richelieu, to whose influence and far-sightedness Odessa is indebted more than to any other for its boulevards, long rows of fine trees, and splendid edifices.

A broad flight of steps gives access to the Nicholas Boulevard from the quay. Because of its arboured promenades and view of the sea, this is the favoured parade of the Odessans. The palaces of former and present Governors, the monument to the Duc de Richelieu, and Catherine II, "patron saint of South Russia," are in this quarter.

The University of New Russia has three thousand students. Its buildings compare favourably with those in other countries devoted to higher education. The faculty comprises several eminent names in philosophy, chemistry and medicine. The statue to Pushkine, erected before the Greek façade of the City Hall, is unworthy of Russia's most gifted poet. The bust which crowns it is in bad proportion to the base, ornamented with inappropriate spouting fish.

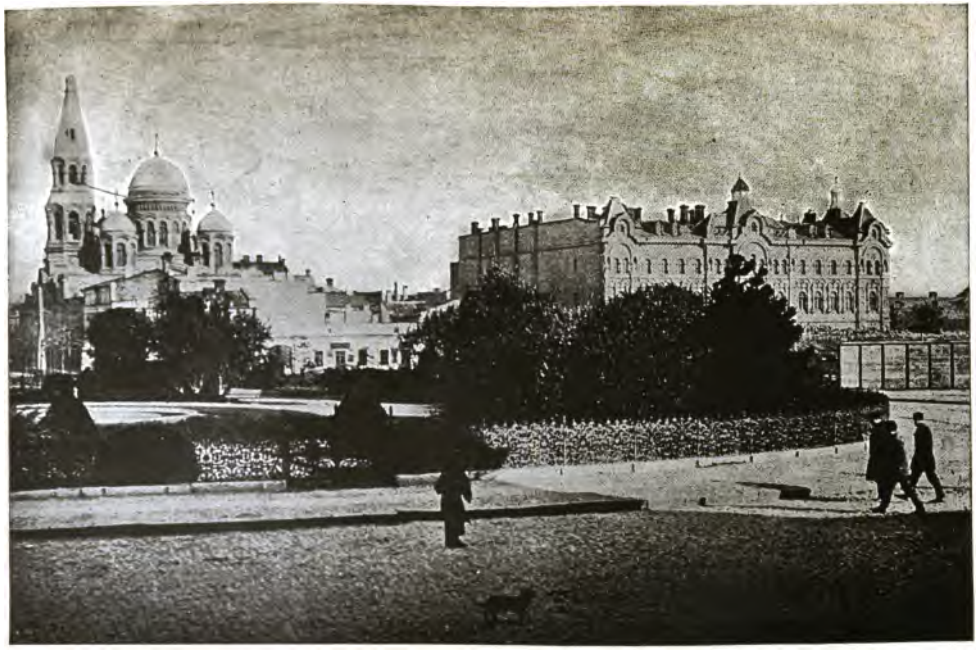
The Cathedral faces a wide square, flanked by a garden. Architecturally, it differs from the accepted Greek Orthodox forms. A tall white tower rises in three stories above the pillared entrance at one end. A green spire completes it. Below are four green domes, each bearing a cross. Columns and high portals compose the outer walls. The style, though hard to classify, is nevertheless pleasing. The Library, the Station, the Bourse,

and particularly the modern Theatre are among the handsomest in the monarchy.

The shopping streets reflect European progress. The homes in the boulevards and among suburban parks are elegant. Bathing beaches, mud bath establishments, which are numerous in Russia, and several diverting resorts are reached by tram or cab.

Odessa is one of the Russian ports, which has been recommended for large Government appropriations for the construction of harbour improvements and grain elevators. The cereal shipments of the Black Earth country pass through the southern metropolis and the neighbouring ports of Nicolaïev and Kherson. Ships carrying cargoes of grain aggregating eleven thousand tons clear its harbour daily. The late premier Stolypin complained that the Jews controlled the banks and grain markets, and that the entire cereal trade of Russia was in the hands of foreigners. Jews form one-third of Odessa's population. Their business sagacity and acumen approximates that of the members of their race in the United States and elsewhere.

The comparatively good harvests of recent years have enabled farmers to buy improved implements. With Novorossisk, Riga, and Windau, Odessa is



PLACE TUREMNAJA, ODESSA.

one of the main entry ports for reapers, threshers, plows, seeders, corn-planters and other patented aids to the tilling of the Russian soil. There are also very extensive factories built by Russian capital for the manufacture of such machinery. Nothing could indicate more definitely Russia's advance than the application of scientific methods upon her farms. Nevertheless, one can travel many miles through a great portion of European Russia without seeing a modern implement in use. Of Russia's population, over three-fourths are agriculturists. Only a small proportion are as yet educated to the use of fertilisers, practical ploughs, and other machinery which not only saves labour, but increases crops.

Nicolaïev and Kherson have become serious competitors of Odessa in the handling of grain, and other late conditions have somewhat impaired Odessa's prestige as an entry port. But her situation in relation to the rest of the country, her excellent harbour, and the vigorous enterprises of her cosmopolitan population must insure her position for all time as the most favoured port of the Black Sea, and as one of the five or six most prosperous centres of the kingdom.

The Russian Steam Navigation Company has a bi-weekly service to Constantinople from Odessa, and vice versa.

Time of passage, about thirty hours. Other lines have bi-monthly or occasional sailings to Mediterranean ports.

The express which leaves Odessa at 8:50 P. M. arrives in Kiev thirteen hours later. Passing through the grain and vine growing province of Bessarabia, the train goes north via Jmérinka and Kazatine to the old capital of Vladimir's day.

Kiev.

One imagines Kiev as an oracle in a temple of ages, a crouching dame in a dim chamber, muttering over the braziers of legend and history, speaking only of the past and dead to the present. The sprightly maiden in modern dress who offers her guest the hospitable bread and salt is a paradox, the progeny of recent ambition influenced by the West. Her wide streets laid with regularity are a heritage from her founders, but the office buildings and hotels of "Cross Street" are the outgrowth of late years of prosperity and an awakened desire to put off the mummy cloth of antiquity for the robe of modernity. Many of her edifices are distressingly big and new, her shops too rarely typically Russian. The "Old Quarter" is the youngest in appearance. The city one sees upon arriving is an anachronism, a disappointment. Where, then, is the battered cradle that rocked the Empire? The traces of

Askold and Dyr, Oleg and Baty? The citadel on the height south of the city may hold the answer. One sets out, rather disillusioned, to see the lower, or commercial, district.

In a building owned by the municipality and situated not far from the river Dniepr in the "Podol," or business quarter, there is held every February the Stretensk, or Contract Fair. The traffic in sugar is its most important feature, but business men, farmers and manufacturers also meet to make contracts for delivery of all sorts of produce and merchandise. The turn-over of sales amounts to about two million rubles during the three weeks of the Fair.

While the Fair is in progress, it is customary for the share-holders in most of the beet sugar refineries located within a wide radius to assemble for their annual meetings. Dividends of recent years have averaged high, from ten to forty per cent. About 130,000,000 tons of sugar beets were produced in Russia in 1911 in comparison with 10,850,000 tons the previous year. About two million acres are planted in beets. Within the past two or three years Russia has become one of the great sugar producing countries, and Kiev is at the centre of the industry.

The Fair Building has places for dozens of stalls

and these are well patronised by purchasers of Japanese and French trinkets as well as Russian and German staples. During February, hotel accommodation is at a premium, and the conversation in the streets relates to "boiling," "refining," the price of jute bags, and the outcome of the Brussels Convention.

On the rise above the Podol is the elegant Kretziatik, the Cross Street, with its plate-glass show-windows and pompous red and green buildings.

Luncheon at Smedeni's is very much like second breakfast elsewhere in Russia, except that the conversation from table to table is rather more vivacious and the women wear more pinks and yellows than in Moscow and St. Petersburg.

A Cossack posing against an opposite doorway reminds one that Kiev was the capital of the Kazaks' kingdom. They are to-day wards of the monarchy, and, holding their lands by military tenure, are liable, five hundred thousand of them, to service in the army for life. War is their profession. They are schooled in stoicism and savage obedience. They scorn illness and sneer at pain. Their village life is half-civilised, and their women are regarded as chattels. They have a rich lore which they recount with gusto about the evening bonfire. They find diversion,

also, in games from the saddle, to which they are bred from infancy.

The figure in a tall bonnet of Persian fur and a garnet coat garnished with a gatziri of silver repoussé containing cartridges, straightens to salute a gold-braided general, returning with his orderly from a morning gallop. Suddenly the street takes on an air of expectation, and there is a movement toward the restaurant doors.

It is the first of August, Old Style, and the beginning of the five days' fast before the Great Festival of the Transfiguration, one of the fifty special holidays of the Russian calendar, when the stores close, and the business of the city pauses. A service celebrated by the Metropolitan and all the high dignitaries at Kiev has been announced by the rolling of thunderous bells all over the city, and now comes the cortége, preceded by men supporting square metal banners which are elaborate examples of the goldsmith's craft. Topazes and amethysts are mounted on a background of blue enamel. Following come the clergy royally costumed, ikons suspended from their necks, tapers and heavily jewelled books in their hands. Behind them is a long file of priests dressed in full white gowns embroidered with gold thread and semi-precious stones, and the proto-

popes in round ecclesiastical hats of black or violet velvet. Three bishops carry a great cross emblazoned and chased with Slavonic lettering. They are crowned with precious metals, and their vestments are of cloth of silver and gold fastened at the side, with Bible verses wrought in seed pearls around the hems. They sing, but have a manner distrait, and apart from the ceremony.

The Cossack bares his head and signs the cross perfunctorily. The more devout bow low from the waist, and keep repeating a short phrase, so that a murmur runs through the street like the echo of a great bell. The procession passes. Everyone returns to his seat at the restaurant tables, and resumes the neglected luncheon, while the chelovéks forsake attitudes of veneration for those of obsequious attendance.

Near the Bourse is the City Hall from which three tree-bordered streets branch to an oblong garden. In the centre is an immense statue of the Cossack Hetman, Bogdan Khmelintzky, astride a horse. At one end of the square is a convent, along the sides are high buildings, and at the other end is a small white church having fifteen domes. It is embraced by chapels and a wall pierced by many doors. The archæological treasure known as the Cathedral of St. Sophie was

erected in 1020 to express the thanks of the Grand Duke Yaroslavl for battles won over the Péchenègues, a Tatar tribe. The Russians call the church the Yaroslavl Sobor, and point out his tomb in a chapel forbidden to women. The interior has a sombre sublimity. The transepts, and the stairways to over-hanging galleries are painted with extraordinary eleventh century frescoes in the Byzantine manner. They represent hunting scenes and dances. An ikon of the Virgin in mosaic on a gold ground is adored because of the miracle which preserved it whole when the Tatars would have destroyed it with their battle axes in common with other treasures of the church. Among all the paintings and relics, this mosaic on the wall resisted their infamous massacre. To-day it is called The Virgin of the Unbreakable Wall.

The court is nearly always filled with pilgrims, beggars, and sight-seers who come in thousands and hundreds of thousands to this venerable mother of Kiev's sixty churches.

The towers of the Michael Convent Church are like those of St. Sophie. They are seven in number, all of them gilded. On the screen within is the ikon carried by Alexander in the war with Napoleon.

On a near-by plateau is the Baron Klodt statue preserving the memory of the baptism of the kingdom into the Christian Church. One of the numerous expansive views which the Kiev hills afford is obtained near the curative spring where the populace gathers on certain feast days.

The Church of the Three Saints is on the way to the Mount of St. Andrew, the highest site of "Old Kiev." From the parapet of the silver-domed Church of Andrew the Apostle, extends the view which St. Andrew is said to have looked upon when he planted a cross and predicted the rise of a city among the hills and ravines on the shores of the Dniepr. The vista of green gardens, uncountable cupolas, the steppes, the river with its edging of foliage, the fussy pleasure boats on their way up and down stream, the distant fortress and the walls of the most sacred retreat of Russia, is called the finest in any city of the Empire.

Obscure cycles ago, three Polish brothers christened the infant settlement after the elder, whose name was Kii. For a thousand years, the city, placed on heights in the midst of plains, has, like a prairie Gibraltar, been the object of combat. Knights of the Rurik dynasty, Slavs, Tatar Khans, Lithuanian Princes and Poles have moved

KIEV, CAPITAL OF THE COSSACK KINGDOM

across the wide open country and down the long Dniepr to struggle hand to hand under the lee of the mediæval fortress. Kiev was the capital of the second Empire after the decline of Novgorod, and the first city born in Russia. Queen Olga, the Holy, turned to the Byzantine faith a generation before Prince Vladimir embraced it in the name of his people.

Everything relating to the Orthodox Church is consecrated by powerful tradition. Russian church edifices, turned from the same architectural mill, remain the same down centuries in which Europe has passed the middle age and modern art epochs. Roman and Gothic architecture has had but a timid influence in the ten centuries of the Church in Russia. In the same measure, the ceremonial and the devotion of the communicants has remained immutable, unimpressed by the sequence of ages. As one ponders upon the story of the Russian Jerusalem, fixed for all time as the historical and ecclesiastic shrine of the nation, the imagery returns of the withered crone in the temple.

Beyond the statue of St. Irene on Vladimir Street, and through the one-time important "Gilded Gate," is the Municipal Theatre where Bogrov shot Premier Stolypin, who is buried with

Askold and Dyr on the hill crowned by the Pechorsky Lavra, overlooking the Dniepr.

The decorations of the near-by Cathedral of St. Vladimir are called the handsomest in Russia. Of all the ornamentation, the bronzes, the rich manifestations of love for the Church, the mural paintings of Vasnetzov are the most admirable. The wide Byzantine eyes of his Christus look mournfully from the great cupola. The figures of Vladimir, Olga, and Alexander Nevsky on the screen are his, likewise the "Baptism of the Prince of Kiev and His Subjects," the "Last Judgment" and portraits of the Prophets. Back of the low marble screen is his beloved Mother and Child, which is the most copied of all the modern ikons. Thirty years were spent in building this temple, which the Emperor Nicholas II inaugurated the year after his ascension.

The University of Vladimir, usually called the University of Kiev, established in 1833, is attended by four thousand students. Kiev, of all the cities now belonging to Russia, had the first school for higher education. This was the Kiev Ecclesiastical Academy, founded in 1631 by Peter Mogila, Metropolitan of Kiev, who had studied at the Paris Sorbonne. Kiev was then under Polish government.

Behind the red University buildings is a Botanical Garden. In front of them is the City Park and the Hanenko Palace, possessing an art collection not usually visible in the Summer. The Terechenko Palace has a still finer gallery of Russian subjects.

On the highest hill of Kiev stretches the third quarter, comprising the imperial palace, the barracks, amusement parks, noble villas, the esplanade, and field of manœuvres.

The way to the Pechorsky Lavra is strewn with church edifices. The dismantled citadel forms a grim back-drop for the harlequin pinnacles of the monastery. Below is the Nicholas Bridge, the Hill of Askold, and the branching river.

At the Festival of the Assumption, August fifteenth (August twenty-eighth, New Style), thousands of devotees, many of them crippled, pass through the Sacred Gate to the Court, past the four-storied bell tower, and on to the steps of the Uspensky Cathedral on the spot where the original church was dedicated nearly a thousand years ago. The funeral Mass of the assassinated Premier was said here.

Often these errant hordes of pilgrims have no vocation but to make the rounds from one hallowed place to another. Their appeal for charity is

usually heeded, because their laborious mission invokes the sympathy of their inherently ritualistic almoners. The monasteries often give them lodging free for several days, and they are never disturbed if they lie down on the threshold of a chapel or church to pass the night.

Despite its painted gables and multitudinous domes, the church does not impress. But the maimed and the halt see nothing but the open doorway and the hazy auditorium beyond where healing awaits them. The prayers and hopes of the Russian peasant dwell on material and bodily benefits, rather than on those of the spirit. Their attitude toward one another is little affected by the teaching of the clergy. Observance of the liturgy and the arduous rites of the Church is their chief concern. So they write petitions for healing and for blessings pertaining to the body upon the small round biscuits baked in the lavra ovens, and called prosvira. They are placed about the dripping candelabra, where after the service, the priests will read them and present the pleas before the throne that answers the prayers of poor muzhiks. The requests reiterated so ardently and with so many reverences to the ground before the picture of the Death of the Mother of God, have to do with the easing of

pain, and the righting of contorted limbs, and not often with the curing of sins.

The ragged multitude pass fervently to the sarcophagus of Theodosius, second abbé of the lavra, and the cypress casket which is reputed to contain the head of Vladimir. Those who receive special permission enter the Treasury to gaze, stupefied, at the relics and the precious objects. One jewel in the parure of a saint in this richest monastery treasury is worth more than many of the votaries could earn in a life time. A high priest's robe represents the price of clothing for a whole village for successive Winters and Summers. A communion goblet of etched gold embodies the cost of bread and tea for every soul who passes before it on the Festival of the Transfiguration.

Follow the concourse across the courts and passage-ways to the Grottos of St. Anthony, chiselled from the clay and upheld by stone and plaster. Wax tapers are supplied to each entrant at a cost of twenty kopeks, at the door of the catacombs. These give the only light to show the path through the narrow darkness leading to the tombs and cells of saints and hermit monks, who once immured themselves here underground without sun or fresh air, sometimes for half their

lives. The procession pauses longest at the sepulchre of Nestor, the Church historian, and St. Anthony, first monk to perform this act of sacrifice. But each mummy in his shroud of silk receives his meed of homage. Within closed cells are other skeletons still clothed in habits of everyday life. When the hermits failed to remove from the aperture the dole of food placed there on alternate days, the opening was walled in, and a Mass said for the repose of the dead Brother. Other grottos are reached through the Church of St. Anne further down the hill.

The stream of awed peasants coming from the catacombs merges into the sea of pilgrims surging across open spaces, buying tracts from the lavra print-shop, and religious trinkets to add to the string which dangles about their necks.

The Metropolitan passes from the church to his palace near the campanile, attended by priests and populace. The chimes burst out, and the pilgrims bow to the earth, repeating certain phrases with resonant insistence. The roofs of the white city show green and terra cotta among the trees below the wall of the lavra. The chimneys send out gusts of smoke which ascends to the hill of the Grotto Convent like incense from the hearths of the Faithful. At the innermost soul of the

Church, at her best-loved altar, the glare of new walls is forgotten, and ideals of Old Kiev return.

The express for Warsaw from Kiev leaves in the evening, arriving, via Kazatine and Brest-Litovsk, about noon the next day.

Warsaw.

The Polish Paris is an autocrat in chains. The high-spirited Poles regard themselves as hostages to the cupidity of nations, forgotting that, had they not been driven from their position by stronger forces, they would have continued as masters of their present sovereigns. The unprejudiced say that Poland was divided like old Gaul because her own ambitions had for hundreds of years made her a disturbing element in eastern Europe.

The founder of the Polish kingdom, Boleslas the Brave, began by seizing Dantzig, Silesia, Moravia, and territory as far east as the Dniepr. The Poles contested with the Tatars and the Hansa Order, and successfully stormed Moscow. In 1656 they were at war with the Swedes, who later took Warsaw. Fifty years afterwards, Charles XII entered the city. Meanwhile Jean Sobieski carried his victory over the Turks by the

walls of Vienna, and pursued conquests in the north. Finally, civil war raged, encouraged on one side by France. The reign of the last king, Poniatowski, was begun by violent dissensions among the Poles. The Russians and Prussians forced their services as peacemakers. Revolts and further intervention followed. Poland had twice been divided by the nations, before Suvarov won the battle of Praga. A year later, the weakling Poniatowski abdicated. The final partition of Poland was accomplished by Austria, Prussia, and Russia in 1795. Warsaw was the pawn in subsequent moves by Napoleon and Prussia, and finally, as capital of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, the city fell to Saxony. In the end, the Vienna Congress gave the Duchy to Russia. The Poles played a desperate game in 1830 and in 1861-4, hoping as a last chance to stale-mate their stronger opponents. But the contest ended against them, and since then they have been compelled outwardly to acknowledge Russia's checkmate.

Russia has made sure that any future revolts shall be as useless as the last. Warsaw and the near-by stronghold of Novo-Georgievsky are two of the four first-class fortifications of the nation. Beyond the summer resort of Novo-Alexandra and

the chateau is another mighty fortress at Ivangorod. Nearly a score of forts protect the Russian-Polish frontier against invasion or revolution. The citadel of Alexander in the suburbs on the Vistula was built by the Poles at the command of the Russians as chastisement for the uprising of '30-'31. Poles in the civil and military service of Russia must serve outside their own boundary, Russians being sent to fill their places in Poland. The Warsaw University is closed because the students refuse to obey the edict that they shall take their courses in the Russian language. In the grammar schools the Polish tongue is also under the ban. The library which formed the foundation of the St. Petersburg Imperial Library was originally one of the proudest possessions of Warsaw. The Poles are helpless, but under the surface is the same spirit of rebellion which actuated former revolt.

The Poles are brilliant, melancholy, and intense. Their capital is reflexive of their moods, though externally more often gay than depressed. Despite the Poles' protest that the shadow of the eagles' wings lies like a blight across their national life, the streets of their metropolis are a rush of industry and pleasure. The theatres are numerous and the parks delightfully planned. Many

think the pleasantest hotel in Europe is Monsieur Paderewski's "Bristol." The great boulevards and plazas are quite as western as one could expect of so vigorous a city only fifteen hours from Vienna, and, by Nord Express, ten hours from Berlin. The Roman Catholic churches of course predominate.

The foreign influence is strong in trade and manufacture, though, of late years, the Poles themselves have made steady advances in industrial fields. Of the thousand textile factories at Lodz and elsewhere, only about one hundred are owned by Slavs. Jews control nearly six hundred factories, and Germans, three hundred. In the iron trade the Poles lead the Jews and Germans. Jews and Poles divide the paper industries, but the Poles predominate in mining operations. Warsaw's factories work principally in leather, wood, and in the making of machinery.

In the old city the feeling is thoroughly national, but the stores on the most prominent streets show products of Germany, Austria, and France, and the business buildings are constructed after modern ideals. Educated Poles speak French as a matter of course, and frequently German and English.

NOWO ZJAZD STREET, WARSAW.

The main boulevard of Warsaw is named for Cracow, cherished city of Old Poland, now owned by Austria. It is about fourteen hours by rail, due south, from Warsaw. Many Polish students attend Cracow University, which is very ancient and has graduated some great celebrities, among them Copernicus, the Polish astronomer. His statue by Thorwaldsen is in the Boulevard near the Church of the Holy Cross. In the crypt of the latter Chopin's heart is buried. There is a monument to him in the church. He was born at Zelazowa-Wola, forty-one miles west of Warsaw on the Vistula.

The University and Library buildings are in the direction of the Kronenberg and Potocki Palaces. The Art Gallery is a stately edifice erected in recent years. In it are exposed works of art by native painters and sculptors, which establish Poland as a nation gifted in art as well as in music and composition. On a square opposite the Gallery is a monument to the Polish generals who remained loyal to Russia in 1830. Facing it is the Church of Alexander Nevsky, with a campanile. The church architecture of Roman Catholic Poland is in such contrast to that of Russia that this Greek Orthodox Cathedral, dressed in buff and blue, seems like a handsome stranger in

a Gothic community. In the same neighbourhood is the Capucine Church of the Transfiguration in a chapel of which lies the heart of Sobieski. The conqueror of the Turks at Vienna offered the church as thanks for his victory, after the custom of so many ancient warriors.

August II, who, with his successor August III, did much to beautify Warsaw, created the Saxony Garden, and the Royal Residence, naming them for the State which had elected him to the Polish throne. The Ogrod Sáski is the centre of outdoor Summer pleasures, and is unusually pleasing in its arrangement. On the site of the former Palace is the present seat of the Military Bureau of the city. From the tower of the Lutheran Church there is a picture of diverging avenues, parks, and the broad river.

The Theatre Square is a spacious plaza fronting the City Hall, fashionable shops, and the structure which comprises the Opera House and two theatres in the wings.

The Russians have removed from the Carmelite Church of St. Joseph, near the Government Buildings, the precious archives of the Polish nation, and thus added to the bitterness of the Poles.

The Polish Pushkine, Adam Mickiewicz, has a monument in a green square faced by old build-

ings with slanted roofs. His poetic exhortations inspired and eulogised the patriotism of the Poles during the early years of resistance. He was born a few years after the final dismemberment of his country, and died at fifty-seven, not long before the futile and sanguinary struggle in the beginning of the sixties.

At the end of the Cracow Boulevard is the Church of St. Anne, with Bernardine cloisters, and decorated interior.

On the Place Zamkowy is a statue of Sigismond III, the Swedish king, who, thanks to his union with a daughter of Sigismond II, ruled Poland 1506-1632. The Chateau on the same square is now the Governor-General's residence. The interior may be seen upon presenting a card from the adjoining bureau of administration. Permission to enter the Lazienki Palace is also obtained here. The most valuable objects were taken from the Palace to Moscow and St. Petersburg after the first revolution. The Cossacks drill on a parade near the Alexander Bridge, which leads from the bank below the Chateau to the suburb in which are situated the Moscow and Petersburg stations.

The Old Quarter is a snarl of mediæval alleys, straying from the market-place. The houses

remain as they were when Poland was the victor instead of the vanquished. The Cathedral of St. John is placed in a street too narrow to afford a just impression of its beautiful Gothic naves. It was built about 1250. The Madonna on the high altar was taken to Paris in 1807 by Napoleon, the master marauder, but was brought back again by Alexander I after eight eventful years. Wall medallions and tombs are inscribed with many of the first names of the old kingdom.

The New Quarter encloses a succession of early Gothic churches, of palaces and gardens. The Alexander Citadel towers over a military settlement containing barracks for fifteen thousand men, a hospital, an arsenal, and the political prison which is invariably full of ill-advised patriots. Opposite their cells, across the Vistula, is the Praga suburb where Suvarov routed their ancestors in 1794. Behind the city is Wola plain, the scene of the deciding battle of September, 1831. On a field not far away the kings of Poland who reigned during the last two hundred years of the nation's life were elected to the office, often amid exciting scenes. A compass describing an arc from the Citadel to the Field of Elections would complete a semi-circle at the Field of Manœuvres and the adjoining hippo-

drome, where running races attract patronage in the Summer and Fall.

On the outskirts of the city Jean Sobieski built a mansion on a height above a lake and laid out a charming estate. The chateau is of national interest, comprising royal chambers filled with historic portraits and souvenirs, as well as some good Flemish pictures. In the general direction of these former possessions of the crown are many of the pleasure parks where well-dressed Varsoviens dine, and dally, perchance, to see a frivolous performance.

The Lazienki estate is old lace and diamonds. Now the demesne of Muscovy Emperors, it is still as redolent of dead days as a fine garment laid among faint sachets. Revelry and Artifice peek from windows under the Chateau's square portico. Extravagance flaunts her skirts in the Orangery. The sly flutter of the trees hints at cabal and clandestine love. Wit and Song in the Shroud of Time speak their lines among the Corinthian pillars of the open-air stage. In the rotunda of the Amphitheatre across the stream stroll the spirits of the belles and gallants of the last days of Poland. They drove from the town, as one may still, out the long avenue of lime-trees by villas and gardens to the Park and Palace of the Baths.

Poniatowski, favourite of Catherine, commanded their creation. They came into existence to please an exquisite. Now, when Poland as a nation is no more, the old Poland of finesse, sparkle, ambition, and intrigue haunts the copses of the Lazienki Park, and gropes, complaining, through salons where portraits of past beauties smile unseen, except for the occasional gaze of a Russian Tsar, or a humble tourist.

A train leaves the Warsaw-Petersburg Station about midnight and arrives the following noon at Vilna, of interest for its Napoleonic associations, and for the crooked Jewish streets. The through line for Petersburg, or for Germany via Wirballen and Königsberg is met here. Libau, and steamers sailing direct for New York without intermediate call, are reached by the road which runs north. The train which departs from Vilna at one o'clock arrives at Libau ten hours later.

THE END

TOURIST'S CITIES OF RUSSIA

WITH POPULATION OF CITIES EN-ROUTE.

Åbo; pop., 47,000; hotels,[1] Phoenix, Jernvägs; banks, Northern J. S. B.[2]

Arensburg†; pop., 5,000; hotels ————.[3]

Arkhangel†; pop., 21,000; hotels, Troitskaia, Zolotoi Iakor; Banque Russe.

Astrakhan; pop., 147,000; hotels, Adrianople, Commerce; bank, R. A. B.

Bakhshi-Saraĭ; pop., 13,000; hotels, Kahn's Palace (Rooms at disposition of Police Chief).

Baku†; pop., 128,000; hotels, Europe, Metropole; bank, R. A. B.

Balaklava; pop., 2,000; hotels, Grand, Rossiia.

Batum*†; pop., 30,000; hotels, France, Oriental; bank, R. A. B.

Brest-Litovsk; pop., 47,500.

Dorpat; pop., 43,000.

Ekaterinodar; pop., 71,000.

Ekaterinoslav; pop., 157,000.

* Indicates the presence of an American consulate.

† Indicates the presence of an English consulate.

[1] Single rooms in hotels of largest cities average from Rs.2.00 up. Double, Rs.3.00 up. Hotel first in list under each city usually indicates that its rates are the highest. Though less expensive, others are often equally comfortable.

[2] Abbreviations: "Northern J. S. B." = Northern Joint Stock Bank for Commerce and Industry. "Banque Russe" = Banque Russe pour le Commerce Etranger. "R. A. B." = Russo Asiatic Bank. Names given of other banks are not abbreviated.

[3] When in this and other instances no hotel or bank is given opposite the name of a city, it does not imply that there are no hotels or banks in that town, but merely that it is of comparatively slight importance to the tourist.

Eupatoria†; pop., 20,000.
Gatshina; pop., 18,000; hotel, Veriovkine.
Gorodets; pop., 7,500.
Hangö†; pop., 8,000; hotels, Grand, Pension Bellevue.
Helsingfors*†; pop., 137,000; hotels, Societetshus, Kämp, Central Pension.
Kazan; pop., 162,000; hotels, Frantsia, Kama; bank, R. A. B.
Kertch†; pop., 32,000; hotel, Central.
Kharkhov†; pop., 206,000; hotels, Prosper, Kharkov; bank, R. A. B.
Kiev†; pop., 323,000; hotels, Europe, Bellevue, Grand; Banque Russe.
Kineshma; pop., 8,000.
Kostroma; pop., 43,000; hotels, Kostroma, Ermitage.
Kronstadt†; pop., 60,000.
Kursk; pop., 57,000.
Kutaïs; pop., 40,000; hotels, Imperial, France.
Kuopio; pop., 15,500; hotel, Societetshuset.
Libau; pop., 65,000; hotels, St. Petersburg, Rome; bank, R. A. B.
Lodz; pop., 328,000.
Minsk; pop., 100,000.
Mitau; pop., 35,000; hotels, St. Petersburg, Linde.
Moscow*†; pop., 1,335,000; hotels, Metropole, Slav Bazaar, National, Berlin; banks, R. A. B., Credit Lyonnais, Bank of the Empire.
Narva†; pop., 19,000.
Nizhni Novgorod; pop., 92,000; hotels, Rossiia, Poste; Banque Russe.
Novgorod; pop., 23,500; hotel, Soloviev.
Novorossisk†; pop., 42,000; hotel, Français; bank, R. A. B.
Odessa*†; pop., 500,000; hotels, St. Petersburg, Bristol, Londres; banks, R. A. B., Banque Imperial, Credit Lyonnais.
Orel; pop., 82,000.
Peterhof; pop., 9,500.

Poltava; pop., 50,500; hotels, St. Petersburg, Europe; Banque Russe.

Poti†; pop., 10,000; hotel, Kavkas.

Pskov; pop., 31,000; hotel, St. Petersburg.

Revel*†; pop., 69,000; hotels, St. Petersburg; Goldener Löwe; bank, Revaler Bank-Comptoir.

Riga*†; pop., 283,000; hotels, Rome, Londres; bank, R. A. B.

Rybinsk; pop., 27,500; hotel, Zimine, bank, R. A. B.

Samara; pop., 95,000; hotels, Rossiia, Ivanov; bank, R. A. B.

Saratov; pop., 198,000; hotels, Rossiia, Stolichnaïa; bank, R. A. B.

Schlusselburg; pop., 7,000.

Serghievo; pop., 20,000; hotels, Old Lavra Inn; New Lavra Inn.

Sevastopol†; pop., 68,000; hotels, Kist, Wetzel; bank, Union.

Simbirsk; pop., 47,000.

Simferopol; pop., 62,000; hotels, St. Petersburg, Grand; Banque Russe.

Smolensk; pop., 63,500; hotel, Europe.

Staraïa-Roussa; pop., 15,000; hotel, Kurhaus.

St. Petersburg*†; pop., 1,500,000, Suburbs, 800,000; hotels, Europe, Grand du Nord, Grand, France; banks, R. A. B., Banque Russe, Credit Lyonnais.

Syzran; pop., 36,500.

Tammerfors†; pop., 44,000; hotel, Societetshus; bank, Northern J. S. B.

Theodosia†; pop., 31,000; hotel, Europe; Banque Russe.

Tiflis; pop., 197,000; hotels, Londres, Orient.

Tula; pop., 110,000; St. Petersburg, Londres; bank, Union.

Tsaritzine; pop., 56,000; hotels, Grand, Stolichnaïa.

Tsarskoe-Selo; pop., 20,000.

Tver; pop., 60,000.

Uleaborg†; pop., 19,000; hotel, Societetshuset; bank, Northern J. S. B.

Viborg†; pop., 24,000; hotels, Societetshuset, Andrea; bank, Northern J. S. B.

Vilna; pop., 168,000; hotels, St. George, Europe.

Vladikavkas; pop., 53,000; hotels, Europe, France; bank, R. A. B.

Vologda; pop., 29,000.

Warsaw*†; pop., 771,000; hotels, Bristol, Europe, Bruhl; banks, Bank of the Empire, Credit Foncier.

Windau†; pop., 7,000.

Yalta; pop., 23,000; hotels, Russie, Grand, Central.

Yaroslavl; pop., 72,000; hotels, Bristol, Kokuïev; bank, Union.

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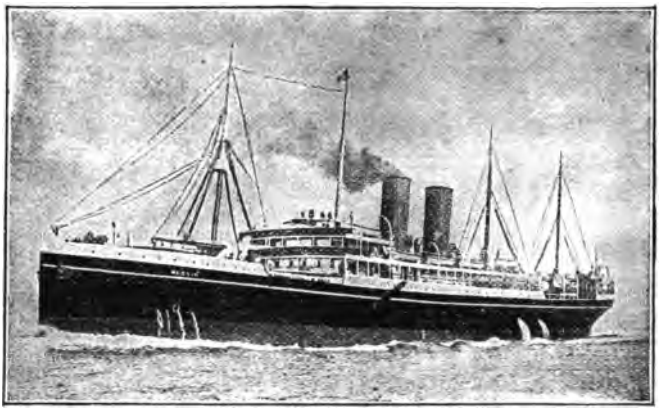

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